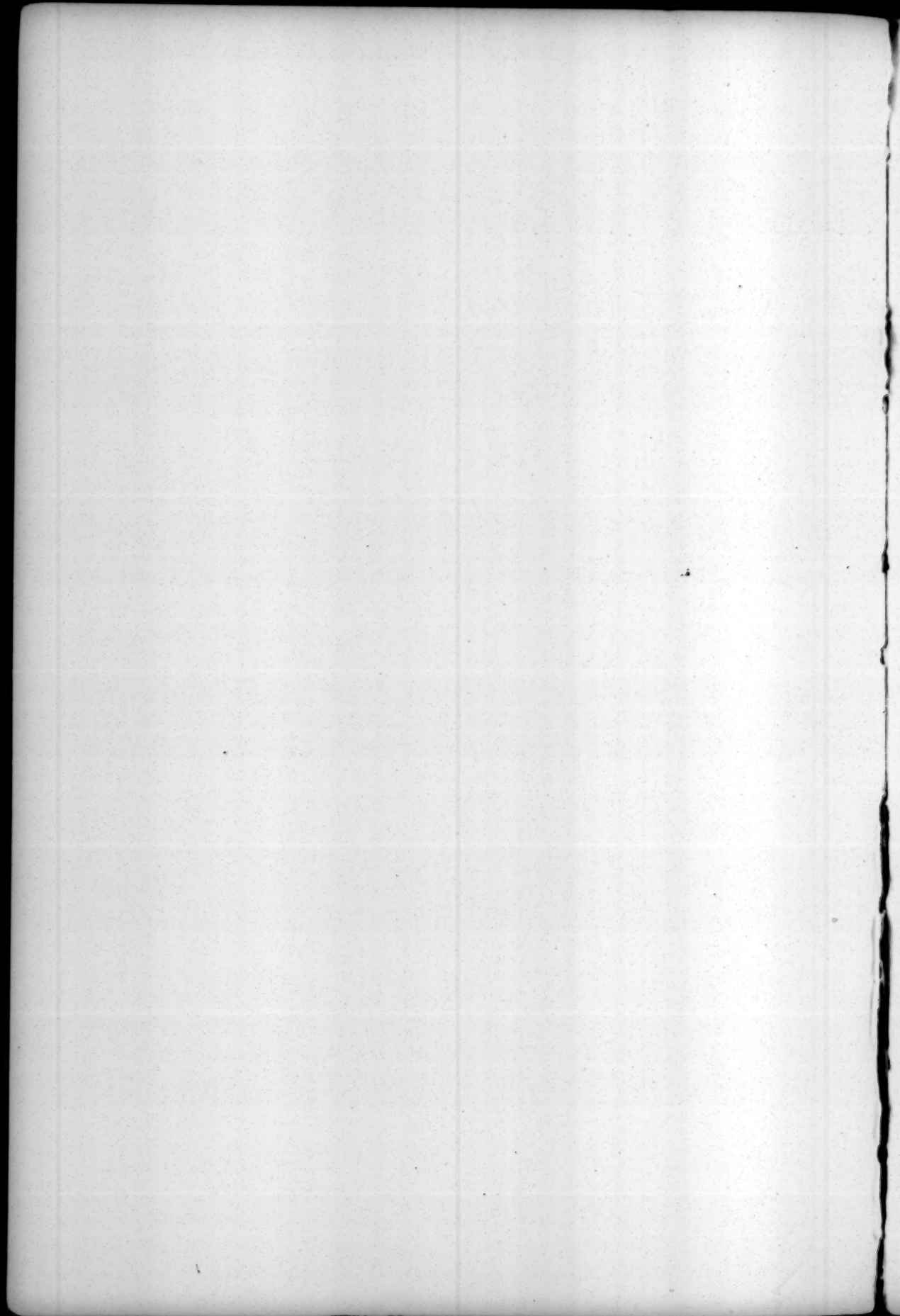


**THE OVERSEAS WAR RECORD
OF THE
WINSOR SCHOOL**



The Overseas War Record

OF THE

Winsor School

1914—1919



EDITORS' NOTE

In the spring of 1918, the Executive Committee of the Winsor School Graduate Club, on the suggestion of Eleanor Saltonstall, decided to compile into a book the overseas war records of the former members of the school. At the same time, it was agreed to dedicate the book to Helen Homans, who died in service abroad. The death of Eleanor Saltonstall in the summer of 1918 cut short the work which had been entrusted to her, of assembling the material for this purpose. On the request of the President of the Club, it was resumed in the autumn by Edith and Penelope Parkman.

The object of this volume is not to seek literary achievement, but to give, as far as possible, an accurate account of each girl's work abroad, with articles and extracts from letters of the girls themselves. Owing to the expense of printing it has unfortunately been necessary to cut down many of the articles.

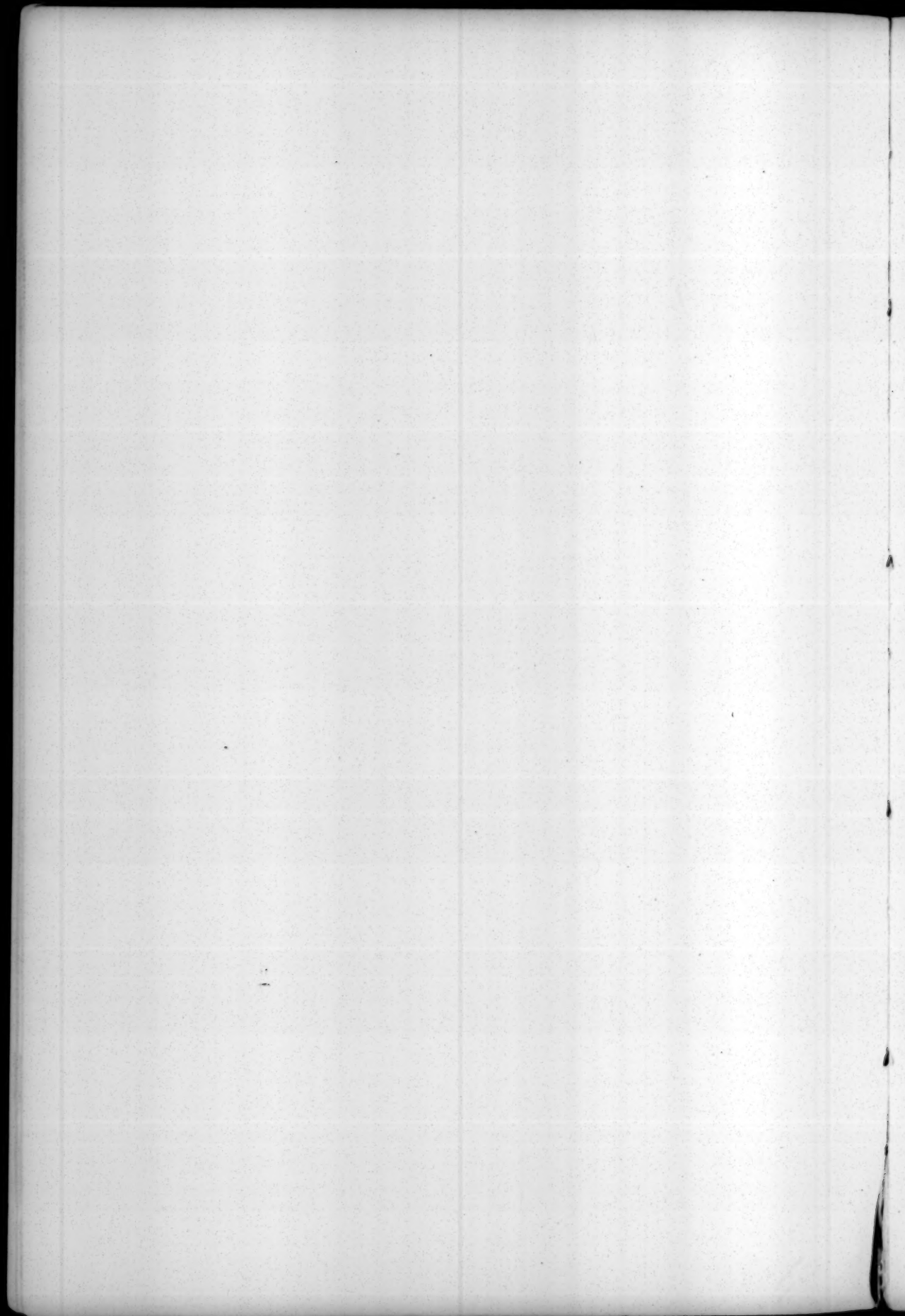
The cordial thanks of the committee are extended to all those who by their contributions and cooperation have made this record possible.

940.4

W78

In memory of
Helen Homans

*Intrepid and serene she gave her life for
suffering humanity in the
hospitals of France*



FOREWORD

There is something unreal, almost incredible, to those of us who remained at home, about the experiences of the young women who crossed to France and England for service during the Great War. To them, although their experience was doubtless first of all a great adventure, it soon resolved itself into a stern round of ceaseless toil, exhilarating and depressing by turns, but above all things real. We can never follow them to the depths plumbed by their fatigue or to the heights scaled by their courage, but we can obtain a very good view of the work they accomplished through their letters and the reports of their superior officers and friends. Of the fifty-eight former members of the Winsor School whose war histories are briefly recorded in this book we have every reason to be proud. They performed invaluable service in a great cause; they risked health and life itself without flinching; and for four among them, Amelia Richards, Hannah Fiske, Nora Saltonstall and Helen Homans, death crowned the sacrifice. To all of them do we who stayed behind offer the homage of our admiration and respect.

M. P. W.

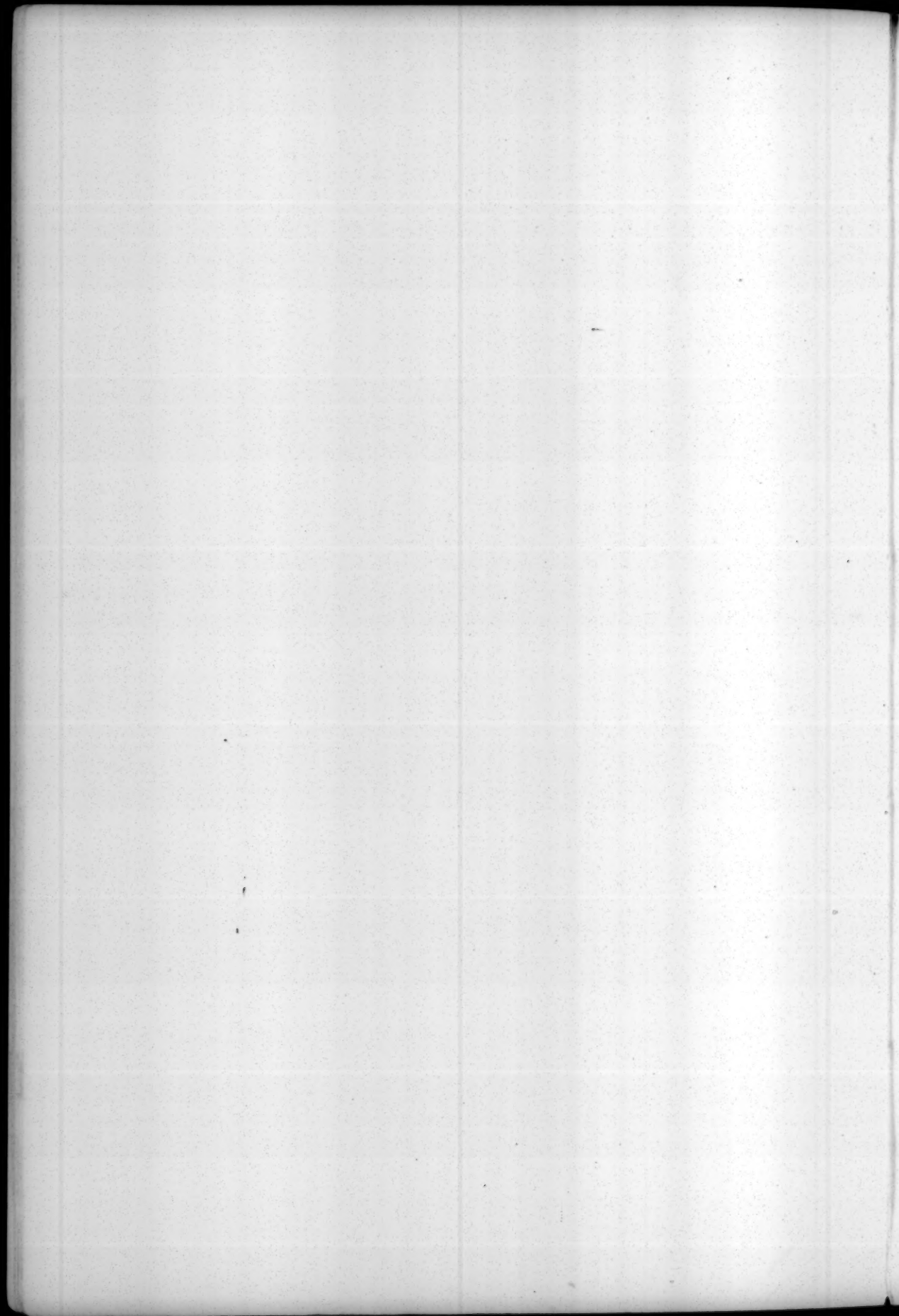


HELEN HOMANS

HELEN HOMANS

To all those who have felt the quality of Helen Homans' friendship there must come a feeling of the tenderest pride in the exquisite service that she rendered so worthily in France. With her generosity of nature, her quick sympathy, her will to endure, and her power for self-sacrifice, one can think of few persons more finely fitted than she to go to the relief of distress. She possessed an almost unlimited capacity for friendship, the secret of which lay in her extraordinary ability to establish and maintain sympathetic contact with all human beings. She sought friends without prejudice, and gave them a rare companionship. One need but observe the diversity of their types, their ages, and their interests to appreciate what manifold response was hers. She was enthusiastic and proficient in all sports, a wide reader, an ardent philanthropist, and through all her activities there ever glowed a whimsical humor, an abiding love of Nature, and an affectionate understanding of the human heart. Her ideal of service she brought to perfection by the completeness with which she daily gave of herself. In the fulness of opportunity, with unquestioning gallantry and devotion, she achieved the consecration of that same ideal.

N. G. C.



THE OVERSEAS WAR RECORD

OF THE

WINSOR SCHOOL

ROLL OF HONOR

ADAMS, MRS. ROBERT (*Frances Prescott*).

France, February, 1919

July, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed at

Aix les Bains, March — April;

Brest, May — June.

AMES, ELIZABETH.

France, February, 1918

March, 1919.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded.

Stationed in Paris.

Mrs. Daly's Unit at St. Quentin, Oct. 28 —

Nov. 13, 1918.

ANDERSON, MRS. LARZ (*Isabel Perkins*).

France, September, 1916

May, 1918.

Work: American Red Cross, Canteen and Hospital.

Stationed at

Épernay;

Mrs. Daly's Hospital Unit in Cugny;

Ocean Hospital at La Panne;

Mrs. Daly's Hospital Unit in Compiègne.

Decorations: Order of Queen Elizabeth from the King of Belgium; Order of Merit of the Red Cross from the Emperor of Japan.

EVERY, MELANIE.

France, October, 1918

February, 1919.

Work: American Red Cross, Social Service.

Stationed at Le Havre.

AYER, ELIZABETH.

France, November, 1917

May, 1919.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, Nov., 1917,
—May, 1918.

Stationed in Paris.

American Red Cross, Aid.

Stationed in Military Hospital No. 1, Neuilly,
June, 1918.

American Red Cross Canteen.

Stationed at

Is-sur-tille, June — Dec., 1919;

Bordeaux, Dec., 1918 — Jan., 1919;

Paris, Feb., 1919;

Montigny-sur-Aube, Feb., 1919 — May, 1919.

BAKER, MRS. T. C. (*Edith C. Prescott*).

France, November, 1917

February, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Attached to 1st & 26th Divisions.

BEAL, ELIZABETH S.

England, July, 1917

October, 1917.

August, 1918

January, 1919.

Work: V. A. D. in American Women's Hospital

Work in American Red Cross Rooms.

France, January, 1919

May, 1919.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, Chauffeur.

Stationed in Paris and Cambrai.

BRADLEY, AMY O.

France, October, 1916

December, 1918.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, chauffeur
and depot work, Oct., 1916 — July, 1918.

Stationed in Paris, Brittany, Nancy, Louvain
(Maine et Loire), Savoie.

Y. M. C. A. Canteen, July, 1918 — Dec., 1918.

Stationed in Savoie.

BRONSON, MRS. H. E. (*Elizabeth Andrews*).

France, October, 1918

June, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed at Allevard-les-Bains (Leave Area).
Lyons.

BURDEN, MRS. CHESTER (*Eleanor Cotton*).

France, May, 1918

May, 1919.

Work: American Red Cross, Canteen and Hospital.

Stationed in Paris.

Is-sur-Tille, Aug. — Oct., 1918;

Toul, Nov. — Dec. 1918;

Paris, Restaurant for Working Girls;

Trip to Germany to distribute cigarettes.

BURNHAM, NINA H.

France, February, 1918

May, 1919.

Work: "Le Bien-Être du Blessé" Shipping and Packing
rooms.

Stationed in Paris.

Decorations: Médaille de Reconnaissance and Médaille
des Epidémies from French Government.

Citation from the Ministère de La Guerre,
"A prêté le plus dévoué concours au
Service de Santé français."

BURRAGE, MARY.

France, April, 1919

Work: French Red Cross, Social Work and chauffeur.

Stationed at Poste Dispensaire, Vermand, Aisne.

England, March, 1915	September, 1915.
July, 1916	October, 1916.
December, 1918	May, 1919.

Silver palms from the Service de Santé for two years' hospital work.

COOLIDGE, JULIA S.

England, April, 1919

December, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed at

Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, Scotland.

Plymouth.

COOLIDGE, LOUISE R.

France, November, 1914

July, 1919.

Work: Nursing in French Military Hospital, Nov., 1914

— Nov., 1915.

Ouvroir of poor women.

English Class for Blind French Soldiers.

Canteen work in the Y. M. C. A.

Stationed in Cannes.

CROTHERS, MRS. BRONSON (*Alice Ames*).

France, June, 1916

December, 1916.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, Packing
Dep't.

Stationed in Paris.

Depot Work in Brittany.

CUNNINGHAM, ALICE.

France, May, 1917

March, 1919.

Work: Secretary in U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 5.

Stationed at Camiers;

Boulogne.

Decoration: "Member of the British Empire."

Citation from the British Government, "In
Recognition of Meritorious Service Ren-
dered the Allied Cause."

CUNNINGHAM, CONSTANCE.

France, September, 1917

July, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed at

Camp Valdahon, Oct., 1917 — July, 1918;

Chatillon-sur-Seine, Sept., 1918;

Toul Sector, Commercy and Trondes, Feb. —
March, 1918;

Mersch, Luxembourg, March — June, 1919.

(attached to 33d and 5th Divisions.)

CURTIS, MARGARET.

France, February, 1916

July, 1916.

October, 1916

June, 1918.

September, 1918

June, 1919.

Work: (1st period) Students' Atelier Reunions, War Relief Work.

Stationed in Paris.

(2d period) American Red Cross, Chief of the
Bureau of Refugees for Paris and the Department of the Seine;(3d period) American Red Cross, Chief of the
Bureau of Refugees for France, Sept., 1918 —
Jan., 1919;

Stationed in Paris.

Friends' Unit, Sous-chef of the Dep't of Relief
Jan. — May, 1919.

Stationed at Grange-le-Comte, Meuse.

Citation and gold medal from the French Red
Cross.**DUMAINE, MARY T.**

France, July, 1917

September, 1918.

Work: Nurses' Aid.

Stationed at English Base Hospital No. 22,
Camiers.

England, September, 1918

January, 1919.

Work: American Red Cross Canteen.

Stationed at Birmingham.

FISKE, HANNAH B. ¹

France, October, 1917

April, 1919.

Work: Shurtleff Memorial Relief, Oct., 1919.

American Red Cross, Post Office Dep't, Nov.,
1919 — Feb., 1919.

Stationed in Paris.

FORCE, MRS. H. C. (*Anna Greenough*).

France, July, 1917

January, 1919.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, chauffeur,
July, 1917 — July, 1918.

Stationed in Paris and Amiens.

American Red Cross, July, 1918 — Dec., 1918.

Stationed in Recreation Hut, in Hospital No. 5,
Auteuil, Paris.

FOSTER, HILDA C.

France, November, 1919

June, 1919.

Work: American Red Cross Canteen.

Stationed at Dijon, Nov., 1919 — Feb., 1919;

Cochem, Germany, March — May, 1919;

St. Nazaire, France, May — June, 1919.

Poland, July, 1919

August, 1919.

Work: American Legation, Warsaw.

GRAY, HOPE.

France, August, 1918

August, 1919.

Work: Reconstruction Aid, Occupational Therapy.

Stationed at

Base Hospital No. 9, Chateauroux (6 months);

Base Hospital No. 69, Savenay (3 months);

Base Hospital No. 114, Beau Desert (3
months).

HELLIER, MARY LOUISE.

France, October, 1917

June, 1919.

Work: Phare de France, American Committee for Men

Blinded in Battle, under Miss Winifred Holt.

Stationed in Paris.

¹ Died at Boston, Mass., June 29, 1919.

HEMENWAY, MARY.

France, February, 1919

July, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed in

Toul Sector;

Luxembourg (attached to 33d and 5th Divisions).

HOMANS, HELEN.¹

France, March, 1915

September, 1915.

February, 1916

March, 1918.

July, 1918

November, 1918.

Work: Nursing under English and French Red Cross (Secours aux Blessés Militaires).

(1st period) Stationed at Hop. 41 bis, Yvetot, Normandy.

(2d period) Stationed at Hop. 41 bis, Yvetot, Normandy. Hop. No. 109, Pont-Audemer, Normandy. H. O. E. 18, Auto Chir. 21 at Vasseny, Aisne.

(3d period) Stationed at Hop. Comp. de l'Armée No. 65, Auto Chir. 21, Pontoise, Seine et Oise.

Decoration: Croix de Guerre with palm.

HUNNEWELL, GERTRUDE.

France, January, 1919

August, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed in St. Quentin.

LAMSON, MRS. P. D. (*Alice Daland*).

France, July, 1916

October, 1916.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, chauffeur.

Stationed in Paris.

Trip through Brittany.

¹ Died at Pontoise, France, Nov. 5, 1918.

LAZENBY, ELIZABETH.

England, June, 1916 June, 1917.

Work: V. A. D., Women's War Hospital at Paignton,
South Devonshire.

France, June, 1917 February, 1919

Work: V. A. D., General Hospital No. 22, B. E. F.
Stationed at Danne-Camiers.

LEE, MARY.

France, July, 1917 July, 1919.

Work: Secretary at U. S. Base Hospital No. 6, Bordeaux,
July, 1917 — Feb., 1918.

Secretary in U. S. Air Service, Paris Headquarters,
Feb., 1918 — Sept., 1918.

Y. M. C. A. Canteen, Sept., 1918 — July, 1919.

Stationed at
Colombey-les-Belles;
Coblentz Bridgehead.
(Attached to 32d and 1st Divisions.)

LELAND, MRS. JOSEPH D. (*Elsa Tudor*).

France, September, 1914 January, 1915.

April, 1915 June, 1915.

Work: Nursing.
Stationed at Dinard and Poitiers.

MONKS, GRACE B.

England, January, 1916 July, 1919.

Work: Welfare work under the supervision of Miss Lil-
lian Barker, the lady superintendent of Wool-
wich Arsenal.

NAPIER-MARTIN, MRS. GUY (*Mary Dexter*).

England, September, 1914 June, 1915.

France, July, 1915 August, 1915.

England, May, 1916 October, 1917.

France, October, 1917 June, 1918.

England, July, 1918 July, 1919.

Work: (1st period) probationer at American Women's
War Hospital, Paignton, S. Devon.

- (2d period) Nurse at DePage Hospital at La Panne.
- (3d period) Course at Medico-Psychological Clinic in London.
- (4th period) Ambulance driver with Hackett-Lowther Unit, attached to French Army.
- (5th period) Course at Medico-Psychological Clinic in London.

PARKMAN, EDITH W.

France, June, 1915

October, 1915.

October, 1916

February, 1918.

July, 1918

April, 1919.

Work: Nursing under English and French Red Cross
(Secours aux Blessés Militaires).

(1st period) Stationed at French Military Hospital
No. 23, Houlgate.

(2d period) Stationed at Hop. 41 bis, Yvetot,
Normandy.

Hop. No. 109, Pont-Audemer, Normandy.

H. O. E. 18, Auto Chir. 21, at Vasseny, Aisne.

(3rd period) Stationed at Hop. Comp. de l'Armée
No. 65, Auto Chir. 21, Pontoise, Seine et Oise.

Canteen work with French Army of Occupation,
Langenschwalbach, Germany.

PARKMAN, PENELOPE.

France, May, 1917

April, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed at

St. Nazaire, Aug., 1917 — Dec., 1917;

Neufchateau Area, Jan., 1918 — March, 1918;

Colombey-les-Belles, Apr., 1918 — May, 1918;

Attached to 5th Div; Vosges Sector, June,
1918 — August, 1918;

Attached to 89th Div; Toul Sector, Sept.,
1918;

Argonne, Oct., 1918 — Nov., 1918;

Attached to 89th Div; Army of Occupation,
Dec., 1918 — March, 1919.

PORTER, HILDEGARDE.

France, Sept., 1916

March, 1919.

Work: Work with Blind Soldiers at Maison de Convalescence in Reuilly.

Relief Work in l'Oeuvre de l'Esperance, Croix Rouge Française.

Auxiliaire at American Red Cross M. H. No. 1, Feb., 1918 — Feb., 1919.

(omitting three months' leave in America, Sept., 1918 — Nov., 1918.)

Stationed in Paris.

POTTER, ELIZABETH C.

France, April, 1917

March, 1919.

Work: Mrs. Duryea's Oeuvre, April, 1917 — Dec., 1917.

Stationed in Paris; Somme Region.

Secretary to Colonel Ward, Chief of Intelligence Service, Paris, Dec., 1917 — July, 1918.

American Red Cross, Canteen, Aug., — Oct., 1918.

Stationed in St. Pierre-des-Corps.

Secretary to Col. Ward, Chief of Intelligence Service, Oct., 1918 — Dec., 1918;

Secretary American Red Cross. Dec., 1918 — March, 1919.

Stationed in Paris.

PUTNAM, ELIZABETH C.

France, June, 1917

September, 1918.

Work: Secretary, American Hospital at Neuilly, June, 1917 — Sept., 1917.

Secretary, U. S. Air Service, Paris Hdqts., Sept., 1917 — May, 1918.

American Red Cross, Searcher, June, 1918 — Aug., 1918.

Stationed in U. S. Base Hospital No. 24, Limoges.

PUTNAM, MARTHA.

France, October, 1918

June, 1919.

Work: Reconstruction Aid, Department of Physiotherapy.
Stationed at Base Hospitals 6 & 208, Bordeaux.

READ, CHARLOTTE L.

France, February, 1918

June, 1919.

Work: Hop. Mil. Temporaire No. 11, Aignon, France.
Nurse in Salle d'Operation.
Hackett-Lowther Ambulance Unit S. S. Y. 3.
Stationed at Creil and Compiègne.
Followed division of 3d Army in German retreat;
With French Army of Occupation at Metz and Wiesbaden;
Y. M. C. A. Entertainment, Feb., — June, 1919.
Stationed at St. Nazaire, Chamonix and Paris.
Decoration: Croix de Guerre.

RICHARDS, AMELIA.¹

France, November, 1917

January, 1918.

Work: American Red Cross.
Stationed in Paris.

SALTONSTALL, ELEANOR.²

France, November, 1917

March, 1919.

Work: Social Service American Red Cross, Paris,
Nov., 1917 — Jan., 1918.
Attached to Auto Chir. No. 7 (Mrs. Daly's Unit),
Jan., 1918 — Feb., 1919.
Stationed at Cugny, Angicourt, Royallieu, St.
Quentin, Rocroi.
Decoration: Croix de Guerre with star.

¹ Died in New York, February 6, 1918.

² Died in Portland, Oregon, August 2, 1919.

SERGEANT, ELIZABETH S.

France, September, 1917

May 20, 1919.

Work: Correspondent for the "New Republic."

SHEPLEY, MRS. HENRY R. (*Anna L. Gardiner*).

England, August, 1916

June, 1919.

Work: Manufacture of papier maché surgical appliances
in Oxford;

Manufacture of plaster casts in Orthopædic Sec-
tion of the Base Hospital.

SHEPLEY, JULIA H.

France, May, 1917

March, 1919.

Work: Secretary to Lt. Col. Harvey Cushing.

Stationed at

U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 5, Camiers and
Boulogne, June, 1917 — July, 1918;

Hdqts. Medical & Surgical Consultants of
American Army, Neufchateau, Vosges, July,
1918 — Dec., 1918;

U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 5, Dec., 1918
— Mar., 1919.

STANTON, MRS. HORACE B. (*Esther Hayden*)

France, September, 1914

January, 1919.

Work: Hospital work

Stationed in Dominican Convent, Biarritz, under
Service de Santé, Sept., 1914 — Oct., 1915.

Hôpital Auxiliaire, No. 252, Paris (Association
des Dames Françaises), Oct., 1915 — July,
1917.

Hôpital Auxiliaire, No. 506, Paris (Associa-
tion des Dames Françaises), Oct., 1917 —
April, 1918.

Hôpital Complémentaire, No. 23, Houlgate
under Service de Santé, April, 1918 — Jan.,
1919.

Decoration: Serbian Croix de la Miséricorde.

STEVENS, CAROLINE.

France, April, 1918

September, 1918.

Work: American Red Cross Aid.

Stationed at Dr. Maynard Ladd's Children's
Hospital in Toul.

THORNDIKE, ROSANNA D.

France, September, 1917

March, 1919.

Work: Phare de France.

Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Red Cross Home Communication Service.

Stationed in Paris, Sept., 1917 — July, 1918.

Nurses' Aid, American Red Cross, Service de
Santé.

Stationed at

Hôpital Auxiliaire, No. 517, St. Germain;

Hôpital Complémentaire de l'Armée, No. 59,
Bar-le-Duc;

American Evacuation Hospital No. 110.

Work with the Blind, under the Army Medical
Corps.

Stationed at Savenay.

THORPE, ERICA.

France, September, 1917

July, 1919.

Work: Committee for the Protection of the Children of
the Frontier.

Stationed at Presles.

Lacanne-les-Bains.

TOWNSEND, MARGARET.

France, February, 1919

July, 1919.

Work: Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

Stationed at

Pauillac, Feb. — May, 1919;

Toulouse, May — June, 1919.

WEBSTER, FRANCES.

France, December, 1917

January, 1919.

Work: American Red Cross, Nurses' Aid.

Stationed at

American Contagious Hospital for Repatriated
Children, Evian-les-Bains, Jan., 1918 —
March, 1919;

Secretary to Miss Ashe, Chief Nurse of Children's
Bureau, Paris, March — April, 1918.
Nurses' Aid.

Stationed at

Beauvais, Oise, Hôpital Complémentaire de
l'Armée No. 3;

Hôpital Complémentaire de l'Armée, No. 45;
April, 1918 — June, 1919. A. R. C. Mil. Hos-
pital No. 104, July — Dec., 1918;

(During Aug. & Sept., H. C. A. No. 40 and No.
41 and No. 3, for a few days each.)

Secretary to Miss Ashe, Paris, Dec., 1918 — Jan.,
1919.

WESSON, CYNTHIA.

England, November, 1916

May, 1917.

Work: General Service in hospital at Burnham, Somerset.

France, May, 1917

March, 1918.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, Chauffeur,
June, 1917 — Sept., 1917.

Y. M. C. A. Canteen, Sept., 1917 — March, 1918.

Stationed at Mailly-le Camp.

WILLIAMS, HILDA W.

France, October, 1917

May, 1918.

November, 1918

August, 1919.

Work: (1st period) Shurtleff Memorial Relief.

(2d period) American Red Cross Canteen.

Committee for Relief in Belgium and Northern
France.

Shurtleff Memorial Relief.

WINTHROP, CLARA B.

France, January, 1915

August, 1915.

April, 1916

October, 1916.

December, 1918

July, 1919.

Work: (1st and 2d periods) Aide Infirmière at Hôpital
Militaire Comp. No. 35. Le Touquet, Pas de
Calais.

(3d period) Directrice in a Foyer du Soldat,
Union Franco-Américaine.

Stationed at Strasbourg, St. Quentin.

WRIGHT, MRS. C. F. (*Margaret Ames*).

France, June, 1916

December, 1916.

Work: American Fund for French Wounded, visiting
hospitals through France.

Articles and Extracts from Letters

ANDERSON, MRS. LARZ

Extract from "Zigzagging" ¹

Ocean Hospital, La Panne.

I am sitting on the radiator pipes in the corner of the operating-room, not to keep warm, for of course the operating-room is always tropical, but because there are no chairs. For the moment there is nothing going on. I have finished my work of putting vaseline and gauze in a tin box to be sterilized and am simply on duty.

There is so much to write about when I do have a minute to myself that I don't know where to begin. Just looking out of the window here I see going past a French officer on horseback, two sailors afoot, a Belgian trumpeter, a blind soldier led by a man with one eye, a patient without legs having his turn out of doors in a basket wagon on wheels; an English motor cyclist, the King's motor, a two-wheeled market cart, an ambulance; bandaged heads and limping legs; steel helmet and soft cap; gas mask and sabot; overhead an ever-present flying machine.

Here in this operating-room, which is principally for fractures, there are three operating-tables and several long tables with endless bottles — alcohol, ether and Dakin solution are those most in demand — and shining instruments all beautifully laid out and sterilized, of course, and covered up with a sheet. (I have worked here so long now that even when I am off duty I hardly feel that I can touch anything without pincers!) In round tin boxes are sterilized towels and pads, cotton-wool balls, and compresses. These are all necessary, for most of the wounds have Carrel tubes and need the pads to soak up the moisture.

Dr. Depage put me here in the salle, where wounds are dressed and operations performed. I work under Dr.

¹ Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers.

Vandervelde, with three charming Belgian nurses, who are very nice to me. At first I merely dusted and prepared the tables, and rolled long strips of gauze for plaster casts, and washed the instruments, and got the rubber gloves and the bowls ready to be sterilized; but before long I was waiting on the doctors, buttoning on their white operating coats, handing them sterilized articles with pincers, filling ether bottles, covering ether masks, blowing white powder on stumps, holding irrigation jars, cutting off old bandages, and even bandaging up wounds.

Such terrible wounds as we see here in this salle! Almost every man has an arm or a leg gone, or a bad wound in the back or thigh, and they often have all one side injured. One man has a leg so mangled that you can look quite through it in two places. I really don't see how he can live, but they say he will.

The other day, when I was bandaging the stump of a soldier's right arm, he said to me so sweetly in French, "I am lucky to have one hand. Yes, I believe I can work with that." His left arm was injured, too, but I think will come out all right. A soldier who had both legs cut off and a wound in his head besides is doing very well. It is wonderful how brave they are.

AVERY, MELANIE

After the usual delays in getting off and a week's wait in London, I finally reached Le Havre the end of October, 1918. I well remember how I was steeled to face all kinds of hardships and how soon I found there were none! On the voyage there had been trials, for our ship was very small and uncomfortable. There were so few stewards that some of us volunteered as waitresses, which was rather amusing. All would have been well had it not been for the shadow cast by influenza. There were a good many cases, both among the passengers, who were all of the Red Cross, and the crew.

I was greeted in Le Havre by the cheerful news that the

ambulance was calling for Miss Avery. Although this sounded a bit alarming, to me it was the best of news, for it meant I was at my journey's end. Dr. Edwards Park of Johns Hopkins' had sent for me to assist with the Social Service in connection with his Dispensary, and it was a great relief to find myself actually assigned there. I began work that very day.

We were under the Belgian Commission of the American Red Cross, the Dispensary having been started six or eight months previously for the treatment of Belgian children in Le Havre. French children were also admitted, as it was found that they were in great need of medical attention. The Dispensary was open daily for consultations from nine to five, and received children up to sixteen. Some days as many as fifty little patients were seen. Dr. Park had also a small hospital of twenty beds.

In addition to the regular case work we trained a group of French girls, who were working as aids in the little hospital, in the principles of Social Service by means of classes and field work; made a special campaign against infant mortality in the worst and most densely populated section of the city; conducted classes in "puericulture" for mothers; made a housing investigation to arouse public sentiment against the fearful conditions, bad enough before the war but made intolerable by overcrowding and the ceasing of all repairs. We had a limited amount to spend for relief and distributed a good deal of food each week, giving it as a doctor's prescription to families who were unable to provide sufficient nourishment for the children. At Christmas we had the fun of getting up a Christmas tree and providing a toy and useful present for about two hundred and fifty of our poorest children.

I sailed for home the middle of February, 1919, glad to know that the people of Havre were enough interested in the Dispensary to make part of our work permanent. The Dispensary is being carried on under a French doctor-ess with our French aids as visiting nurses.

AYER, ELIZABETH

When I reported at the American Fund in Nov., 1917, I was welcomed heartily and told that chauffeuses in Paris were badly needed and that I must begin at once. The first three days were utilized in procuring a license, like all things in France, a matter of much formality. It seemed necessary to see every official in the city, so that I could give him my photograph and family history, ending up with a genial old man with a long beard, who wished me to drive him down the street. He seemed satisfied because I drove him a few yards without hitting anything and was able to stop when he asked me to, so issued me a pink ticket on the spot. The Fund then presented me with a rather dilapidated Ford camion and a blue uniform with a Sam Brown belt, which we later had to remove by order of Gen. Pershing. From that day on, between the hours of 10 and 6, "Lizzie" and I were to be seen on any street in the city finding our way along in the dark by means of a pocket flash on a street guide-book.

First my work consisted in taking boxes and bales of supplies to hospitals, both inside and outside of the city; later I was given a real touring car and lent to the Children's Bureau of the Red Cross. The most interesting part of my motor life, however, was in the spring, when the refugees poured into the city, sent from their homes at the German advance. Each day hundreds arrived from the front, the most pitiful old men and women with small children. They arrived, crowded into third-class carriages, tired and discouraged, their homes gone and their only possessions a small parcel of clothes and a pet dog or cat, in one instance a goat. At each station a canteen was opened, where volunteers helped feed the people and give them a few necessary clothes. All bore tags with the name of their destination, put on by the mayor of their town before they left. If they were fortunate enough to have relatives in Paris they could stay with them, otherwise

they were pushed on farther south to relieve congestion in the city. The entire Fund worked on day and night shifts. The motor corps served food and supplemented the trucks and ambulances transporting the refugees from one station to another. So many arrived daily that it seemed for awhile as if the Germans must break through to Paris. Every clear night there was the dismal wail of the siren, immediately followed by the bombing from the German aeroplanes; all day long Big Bertha was heard destroying different parts of the city. There were orders that we keep our cars in readiness for flight. Everything was looking as black as possible when the tide suddenly changed and Paris was saved. It was at this time that the Americans were starting into the lines in such great numbers and the Red Cross was begging for workers to come from America for every branch of the service. I had always wished to work for our own men, so when my six months was up with the American Fund, I left the motor corps, not without some regret, and started for the canteen at Is-sur-Tille.

BAKER, MRS. T. C.

I sailed from N. Y. November 3d, 1917, in the Y. M. C. A. I was ordered as canteen worker to a battalion of the 16th Infantry of the 1st Division, who were billeted in a muddy little town outside Gondrecourt, where they were going through manœuvres. As women were scarce at that time, I was alone. It was very cold; the men were exceedingly uncomfortable and I think would have preferred fighting. The middle of June the 1st Division moved to the front and I went to Gondrecourt to the 1st Corps School until arrangements were made with the army to allow women in the fighting area. I then rejoined them in the Toul Sector which they held with the French — a quiet front. On Easter Sunday the 1st Division moved out. I saw Bunker Hill monument painted on the trucks of the replacing division and soon discovered it was the

New England Division — the 26th — so I stayed on with them. They held that sector until July, when they also left, destination unknown. A few days later I was ordered to join them at La Ferté sur Joire, the last train stop in front of Chateau Thierry. It was destroyed by a bomb the night before we arrived, so that it looked desolate.

The 18th things began to move. There were two field hospitals in my town, Luzancy, and that night men began to pour in. They stayed only long enough to have their wounds dressed and be sorted out, tagged and sent on to base hospitals. There were hundreds of them lying on the floor on stretchers and on the grass outside. For those well enough to stand there were not even chairs. A Red Cross man, a Y. M. C. A. man and I worked all day and all night trying to give them something to eat and drink and smoke. The men had mostly thrown away their reserve rations before attacking and were famished by the time they reached us. I saw Chateau Thierry the night after the Germans evacuated.

After the Chateau Thierry drive the Division came out of the line, but remained in the area for ten days or so and the men were given 24-hour passes to Paris and saw a different side of France. I went up for a night and came nearer to the Big Bertha than to any shell at the front. It landed a hundred yards behind the taxi I was in.

The Division then went down to Chatillon for a rest and I went with them in a motor-cycle side-car. We had barely got settled when orders came to move again. I got into an automobile in the morning without knowing where we were going until we arrived at Bar-le-Duc. As soon as the Division got into line I moved first to Ansemont and then Troyon.

† There was a great deal of preparation and mystery and then the St. Mihiel drive. After it was over I went to dinner in an evacuated German Poste de Command, then occupied by our men, which showed that the Germans knew how to make themselves comfortable while at war. Inside it was all decorated with chintz, pictures, piano,

wonderful stoves and most comfortable, although a dug-out sixty feet underground. The army transportation was so held up at this time that we lived on German rations, gulash and hard tack, different and rather better than ours. We could get hardly any supplies for the soldiers.

The end of September, I was sent to Paris for a rest. As the doctor would not let me go back to a combat division, I went to a canteen in Bar-le-Duc, which had a shifting crowd from all the units in the Argonne.

BEAL, ELIZABETH S.

Extract from a Letter

3 Rue de Pochonnet, Cambrai.

February 10, 1919.

You have asked me to give you a detailed account of our day's work, so I'll describe yesterday, which was especially busy, but typical of our life here.

In the morning we were to have a "distribution," so we spent all the previous evening in unpacking extra cases and piling the huge tables in our storeroom with innumerable peculiar shirts and flannel petticoats 1-5 years (why will people at home think all little French girls are 1-5 years?) and endless pyjamas. We had a hard time making the peasants understand pyjamas; they insist on wearing flannel ones in the street!

At five A.M. we were aroused by a continuous roar from the street. I looked out and discovered a tremendous mob surging against our door, in spite of the fact that we had posted a notice saying "distribution 9-5." The noise increased and there was a free fight when we opened our door (only a crack to let in one at a time) at 9, and we had to get a gendarme from the maire to help us keep order. Although he was most inefficient he lent an air of authority to the proceeding!

Mamma received each person and collected data con-

cerning the number of children, ages, etc., and we made up as suitable a package as possible with the supplies we had on hand. The poor things had often walked 15 miles in the snow and had waited several hours, so that we hoped their hopes would be fulfilled by what they got. They certainly seemed overjoyed with the knitted things and blankets, and the smiles on their faces as they fought their way out through the waiting crowd was enough to keep you working indefinitely.

Two poor women fainted from exhaustion in our courtyard and we had to try our "first aid" on them, and then I had to back "Lizzie" through the mob to drive them home, as they had come from a village 10 miles away and weren't strong enough to walk home.

After a hasty lunch, I was deputed to drive some supplies to Crevecour, a little village about 8 miles away, while the rest of the unit went on with the "distribution." It was a horrid, gray, cold day, and when I came to the poor little village straggling along the side of a hill it certainly did "*faire crever le cœur*"! Not a whole house in the place, and yet about 150 families were back there already, trying to roof over and fix up the remains of their poor cottages. I drove up to the *mairie*, quite an important brick building in its day, but with no roof or windows now, and a corner knocked off by a shell. The mayor, a dear, genial old soul, received me (or rather my supplies) with open arms, and tried to persuade me to take some coffee with him. I tried to refuse, but then he offered wine, so I saw that I should hurt him if I didn't stop. I went into his little office and chatted to the best of my ability, while drinking a cup of really excellent coffee, that is when you can get used to three-quarters chicory and one-quarter coffee. I had a hard time understanding him, as he talked with a strong Flemish accent, but we conversed mostly with beaming smiles! Of course I had to pick up a piece of barbed-wire in my tire on the way home, so I cruised in quite late. Although it was dark and the distribution had officially stopped an hour before, a few patient people

were still hanging around and we had to literally drive them off.

It didn't take me long to get to sleep. We sleep in everything but our boots now, it is so cold!

BRADLEY, AMY

The work of the American Fund for French Wounded in France consisted in receiving hospital, and smaller quantities of supplies from America for refugees, and in distributing them where they were most needed. More than that, it meant coming in contact with the French "poilus" and the French people, and feeling their unquenchable spirit in the days of War; that spirit of fortitude and patience and "savoir vivre" without which the Allies would have lost the War.

I shall never forget two old people in a town on the outskirts of which were the German trenches. The sector was a quiet one, so that about three hundred of the original thirteen and a half thousand inhabitants remained in the town. Before the War the old people had kept a fairly large bakery. In 1917 they were still keeping a bakery — a tiny one. The rear of their house was no more. The houses opposite had been blown by several large shells across the street on to the old people's, and smashed it in.

"It looks like a gravel dump, not too steep, up which one might drive a cart," the old man explained.

In the front room of the house the old people lived. Two shells had gone through the ceiling and out through the floor below, demolishing the houses on either side. The old people had no light and very little heat, and the town was shelled nearly every day.

"We stay," they said, "because someone must make bread for the neighbors. We are old, we do not matter. We have had our life. We earned and bought our house. If we leave we shall be refugees with nothing, another burden on the government — so it is better to stay."

They thanked us for caring for their soldiers and for coming to see them, and presented us with their last few roses as a gift from France to America.

During the darkest days, when Paris was shelled, another aristocratic old couple we knew received news that a shell had gone through the roof of their house when they were absent. Their valued old furniture had had a narrow escape, not to speak of their son, who was asleep in the house at the time. When they heard of it, Madame la Comtesse exclaimed:

"O, la, la, ces Boches! Ce qui m'ennuie, c'est que j'ai laissé mon ombrelle dans mon armoire, à Paris!"

She said her son didn't give her cause for worry. He was a soldier, it was his duty to take risks, —

"Mais j'y tiens a mon ombrelle."

A few days later the first Americans went through the town. When she saw them, for a moment tears came to her eyes, and half to herself she said:

"Leurs pauvres mères."

Then, seeing a soldier approach her, she waved her hand, and called: "Vive l'Amérique!"

He grinned, saluted, and said, "C'm on, Jim," to his "buddie."

She wanted to know what kind of an order that was.

"Ca va peut-être nous sauver, tu sais," said she.

Such was the spirit of the civilians, thinking first of France and her "poilus," and last of themselves.

Will any one ever forget the "poilus," I wonder? Brave and gentle through four long years of War!

We had been to a "poste de secours" — a dressing station — one day, and were having tea in an "abris" (dug-out). Mud and cold reigned supreme outside. The tea was without milk or sugar, but we had a cake with frosting on top! A true work of art. Not only was it beautiful to behold, but the frosting was designed to cover all the cracks in the plate on which the cake reposed.

Some one asked the usual question: When will the War be over?

A few conjectures were made, as Russia and Italy had apparently both collapsed and we had not as yet seen an American soldier. The Germans were perfecting themselves also, and had just launched a new kind of gas somewhere up the line. In fact the Boche were improving.

"But so are we!" said our gray "Capitaine." "Soon we shall be so improved that we shall have an apparatus for firing the cannon from our own firesides. We'll sit and smoke our pipes, and when we feel like it, pull a string — p-z-z-z-z-t — a few Boches the less! Magnificent! We old fellows can fight for twenty years more."

So the conversation went. They all laughed, yet they had had over three years of War and most of them had been wounded at least once. Though it was November, some of the "poilus" had no socks and some no shirts.

"The government can't get around to everyone, you know, and we are a little out of the way up here."

Needless to say we found we could spare some socks and shirts from our supplies just then.

A few days later, after the "Capitaine" and the "aumonier" of the regiment had both walked in town, a distance of five miles, to thank us "de la part de nos enfants — nos 'poilus,'" we passed the regiment on the road. We had to stop for a moment before crossing a bridge. Immediately we were surrounded by the "poilus." One of them stepped forward and said:

"The Americans are very nice"; then overcome by their own boldness they evaporated into the dusk.

These are only a few instances of the French at War. The same spirit prevailed in the hospitals, in their homes and in the trenches. It was expressed in a thousand ways every day from the poorest peasant to the intrepid cry of the whole nation: "On ne passe pas" and "On les aura."

Over a million and a half of their soldiers are dead. Many more are cripples, and hundreds of their civilians have died in the ravaged country. May we not forget their courage and their sacrifice, and may we live as bravely and as truly as they!

BURRAGE, MARY

Extract from a Letter

Poste Dispensaire,
Vermand, Aisne.

Whenever I am in the magasin I take real pleasure in seeing all around me the cases of wonderful things sent by the A. R. C. There are a good many things left over from the war; by that I mean the hospital shirts, bed-jackets, wrappers, etc., made for the men. The bed-jackets and wrappers are very popular, being made of warm materials. The hospital shirts we rip up and cut over into chemises, skirts, drawers, etc., for the children. We give out this material to the young girls and women who want to work at home, pay them and then resell to the people. Of course there are things made especially for present needs, such as sweaters for women and children, children's dresses, flannel nightgowns, etc. If you hear people criticising the work and saying it is no longer important, tell them from me that if we didn't get these things from America the people here would go without. The French haven't got the good materials that we have, or if they have them they cost so much that it is impossible to supply them in large quantities. We sell at very low prices, five francs for a woman's sweater, three francs for a man's or a child's, 15 francs for a wrapper, five francs for a bed-jacket. Every case is beautifully packed and things arrive in first-class condition.

CHANNING, ALICE

Extract from a Letter

Wilsonovu Naměstí (Wilson Square),
Kladno, Czecho-Slovakia,
May 6, 1919.

Kladno is supposed to be the radical center of Bohemia. It looks very quiet and peaceful, but there is an agent of

Lenine in the neighborhood. For this reason we suppose the Hoover people have chosen it as the first place to organize the canteens in the schools to give the underfed children soup and cocoa. A young army lieutenant working for the American Relief Association and two of us from the Red Cross have been assigned the district.

Miss G. and I were to meet the lieutenant at Kladno, yesterday morning at ten o'clock. We were told to take the 8.05 train from Prague, and started out without an interpreter. After struggling with signs and a few words of German, we got on a train and traveled at express speed for an hour. Then we were ignominiously put off at a little country station. We had taken the wrong train. There was no train back for four hours. We wandered up a country road under the apple-blossoms and the peasants we met looked at us suspiciously, we thought. We finally found a place marked "Hostinec." I summoned my courage and asked for "Etwas zu essen." The man slammed the door in our faces, then after a moment opened it again. He asked us if we were Germans. We shouted *Amerikaniski, Cerveny Kriz* (Red Cross), the only words of the awful language we knew. He smiled all over, his fat wife came out, pulled us into the room, and bustled off to find some dinner for us. The man gave us beer, pointed out a large portrait of Wilson in the place of honor. He disappeared and brought back with him two ladies who spoke English perfectly. They took us to their house and gave us real coffee with real milk. It is the first coffee we have tasted. They moved to the country from Prague three years ago in order to get food for the children. Then the Austrian military authorities confiscated the crops and most of the live stock, and sent everything either to Vienna or Berlin. They told us not to try to speak German; it was better to say nothing at all. Up to the time of the revolution last October, they had been forced to speak German. Now they were free and never wanted to see or hear the hated tongue. They had on their table two books in English, the "Baptist World," and a

book on the Slavs, by Emily Balch. More surprising still they showed us two books of Kipling which they had translated into Tchek. As they escorted us to the station, some of the village people came up and asked to shake hands with us, and told us how grateful they were to the Americans who had helped liberate them from the Germans. Wilson is their hero, and his picture is everywhere. He stood up for the small nations, they said, and if they could not have their President Masaryk or our President Wilson, they would turn Bolshevik.

The ladies put us in charge of the guard and he put us off at a large station where we were to wait an hour for the train to Kladno, and told several officials about us. We wanted to walk about the town, but our progress down the station platform attracted so much attention, one little man who spoke French rushing after us to ask what we would like, that we retired to the waiting-room. In about five minutes a station official ushered in a woman with a baby. She was born in Texas and was visiting here when the war broke out. We asked her what she could find to eat. The baby was white and pinched. Milk is unknown, she said, except for the rich, meat is distributed once in six weeks, the potatoes are almost gone. They are allowed a pound of rye bread a week, and American flour at five korona a kilo is just coming in. A korona was worth 20 cents before the war, now it is worth three. This information was extracted with difficulty as the small boys of the town gathered in circles about us. We asked some of them their ages and were astonished at the answers. They were all two and three years undersize.

We arrived at Kladno at five o'clock and were walking helplessly up the main street, wishing we could speak, when we were rescued by a Tchek légionnaire in the French uniform, who spoke English. He had been in Cleveland before coming to France to fight the Boche, and had been appointed official interpreter for the American Mission.

COOLIDGE, ISABEL

In June, 1916, with an appointment as nurse's aid in the American Ambulance at Neuilly, I started for France. Everything was new and rather terrifying; especially the inside of a hospital, which I had never seen before. After six weeks of carrying water, my ambition mounted higher. There was a chance to work with the French. I joined the Association des Dames Françaises, one of the three branches of the French Red Cross, and worked with them from then on. They sent me first to a small hospital outside Paris, at St. Germain-en-Laye. It was a first category hospital and received severe cases. A Red Cross hospital means that the men are better cared for than in a military hospital, but also that it is harder work on the nurses, for there are no orderlies. The dressing of wounds was only one of our many duties. We made the beds and served the meals. We washed the men and the floors. Our installation was supposed to be modern because we had one faucet of running water on each floor, at least we had until it froze. Fuel was scarce that winter. At one time we had not enough to cook the men's food. With the winter, the work lightened. There was not much fighting and the hospitals of the south received most of the wounded. We had time to polish the floors, listen to the men talk, and get them chestnuts to roast, when there was a fire. One of the consequences of the shortness of coal was that the gas company only furnished gas at certain hours, and of such a bad quality that it was impossible to sterilize anything. If it had not been for the dressings we received from America, especially from the Surgical Dressings Committee, already sterilized, we would have been in a bad way. The tin boxes they came in were almost as precious as the dressings. . . .

On leaving Paris I went up to Strasbourg. We were the first French women in, and got the full benefit of the intense French feeling. The children all rushed up to us

in the streets to shake hands; men and women talked to us, and I have had a woman with tears running down her face, welcome us back to Alsace. It was very gay; we went to several balls. We assisted, from the windows of the Kaiser's palace where we were quartered, at the triumphal parade, before the marshals and the President. The Alsatians all came in costume, and a prettier sight one could never find. Thousands of them, each in the costume of her village, linking arms and dancing down in front of the reviewing stand. That was the gay part, but in the hospital our wards were full of the returning prisoners, in a most horrible condition: Some of them almost starving to death; some of them with horrible neglected wounds; all of them thin, of a peculiar color, neither gray nor green, but both. We fed them what we had. What we thought poor, they thought manna, and the meat we were sick of (we had boiled beef twice every day) was a wonderful sight to them. They had stories, and pictures — horrible! and the most pitiful pieces of work on which they had spent years: boxes elaborately carved and ugly beyond belief.

We had the influenza, too. Men who had been four years prisoners died before they could see their families. It was not a gay time for us. Still, they had French voices around them and French uniforms before their eyes.

We had Alsatians also who had served in the German ranks. They were most absurdly proud of their new sky-blue uniforms, and peacocked about the wards. Our hospital had been a big central one for the Germans during the war, and we inherited from them not only numerous Alsatian patients, but also a staff of Alsatian doctors and nurses, who used to regale us with tales of how much better the Germans did things!

When the prisoners were all out, we still had the army of occupation to attend to. With the demobilization and the advent of spring, our work lightened, and when the paid nurses came, we retired. I came home in May, 1919.

COOLIDGE, JULIA S.

"Where are the Orkney Islands?" was the first question all my friends asked me when I returned. It was the first question I asked the lady behind the desk. She smiled at my bewilderment, took a pointer and strolled to the map. She rested the tip on London where we were, and then my heart sank as I saw it journey up through England, through Scotland to Inverness. It can't go much farther I thought hopefully, but it started again up to the tip of the land, across a bit of water, and came to rest at Kirkwall, an invisible dot on one of a group of islands. I shivered, it looked cold up there, and the future proved that to be only the first of the many shivers the Orkneys gave me. "But what is there to be done way up there," I murmured dejectedly. "Oh, there are only about four thousand American sailors and five hundred English sailors clearing the mines out of the North Sea," said the smiling lady, "and you are to be one of the two girls who, with the three men, are to open up a Y hut for the boys."

A week later I found myself standing in the Hut. The interior looked like a jumble heap to me, boxes here, piles of rubbish there, in one corner linoleum, in another pots and pans, and so it went. In two weeks the other girl was serving out smiles and hot coffee behind her canteen, while I was perched behind my neat rows of books distributing literature and postage stamps. The linoleum was down, the electric lights up, the plumbing in, the galley all set for cooking, and the boys had done it all. From the mother ship, the sweepers, and chasers, had come willing working parties of sailors who laughed and worked or talked to us. "Say, Miss Coolidge, will you ask for me tomorrow," or "Honest, I'd like a permanent job here," were the remarks thrown to me from the tops of ladders. To ask for a thing from the U. S. Mine-Sweeping Force was about the same as having it. From the Admiral down

to the gobs I have never had a request refused. Pie-plates, iron spoons, butchers knives, appeared mysteriously to swell our meager supply of utensils.

How to amuse the boys, that was the difficult question. How in a little town of 5,000 people, with absolutely no resources could you keep men happy? — men every last one of whom wanted to go home but instead stayed out on the mine-fields sometimes thirty days at a stretch. Not thirty quiet days, but days of constant danger, mines exploding on all sides, days which were not the eight hour union days, but often the eighteen hour days of a difficult task to be carried through by strong men. The wear and tear was constant, relaxation was what they needed when they came ashore. Movies every night at the Hut were not sufficient, very soon the way was pointed out to us. "When is the first dance to be?" was the constant question, and the first dance took place as soon as we could manage it. But it was like pouring water into the desert to try and provide sufficient dances, once or usually twice a week was the rule for the Y, the K. C. gave some, and the boys had their own parties. I danced very nearly every night, after the canteen was closed at ten till the liberty was up at eleven-thirty. If you want wonderful dancers look for them among the sailors.

Truck trips were soon added to our amusements. We took the boys to see the German fleet, the aviation stations, and the old standing stones. When the fleet went down we took them to see the sunken ships, many of which were visible. When these were raised we ran the trip to see where the German fleet had been. Pleasure went along with our work usually far exceeding it. We had picnics, walks, auto rides, dinners on the boats, trips to neighboring islands, any fatigue was made worthwhile by the way the boys responded.

On the fourth of July there were 2,000 men ashore on liberty and we fed them with only three gas burners to work with. After the entertainment the crowning event of the day came, ICE-CREAM! We had borrowed the

freezers from the sweepers, we had carried the ice ourselves, we had skimmed and saved to have enough milk, and we had rewarded with dance tickets the boys who had cranked the freezers. It had been a lot of work and I was wondering if it was worth while when a gob turned to me with his mouth full of ice-cream and his eyes shining and said, "Gee, ma'am, this here is the first ice-cream I have had for eighteen months." Eighteen months! For me that settled the question of its being worth the trouble.

Often I had it said to me by the English officers, "But we think it is wonderful of you to come all the way from America to look after your men, we have been here four years and nobody has done anything for us, and yet you arrive only two days after your boats and open the canteen for our forces as well as your own." I laughed, and said, "You must not give me so much credit. For every Y girl there is over here there are probably 10,000 who would probably like to be in our places. We thought ourselves lucky to get the chance to serve, and where our boys go we always want to follow." So we stayed four and a half months up at Kirkwall till the job was done and then we followed the gang to Plymouth while they refitted. We saw them off, bands playing, sirens blowing, homeward bound penants flying, steaming back to God's country, and when, about a month later, I arrived in God's country myself, as I stepped aboard the three o'clock train for Boston, the first person to greet me was one of my boys of the U. S. Mine-sweeping Forces.

CUNNINGHAM, ALICE

As one of three secretaries in U. S. A. Base Hospital, No. 5, my lot fell to be secretary to the Medical Section. In this category I found my duties to vary widely, working for some fifteen or more different officers in many branches

of the hospital service. Every morning at 9 o'clock my work took me to the Dressing Tent, where all the convoys of walking wounded were received and dressed, after they had been to the bath house and had cleaned off a little of the Flanders mud. Here during a push every available officer was busy dressing wounds, even to the C. O., who, with sleeves rolled up and looking very unmilitary for once, was adding his services. I sat at the end of a long table, where it seemed as if everyone was skimming cards at me at once, calling "Through and through left shoulder"; "G. S. W., upper right arm, penetrating"; and wishing I had ten hands I would scratch down as fast as I could the description of the wounds onto their cards and send each along with a slip for the dressing to the Sister and Orderly at the other end of the tent, or to the "X-Ry" Room, according to the English orderly. Every morning I was greeted with "Good morning, Sister, shall I fetch the X-Rys"? I shall always have a vivid memory of "The Dressing Tent." I picture it now with the wind whistling around the flaps, the rain driving in, and the seemingly endless procession of Tommies in their "blues" crowding in on the benches that lined either side.

The contrast was striking when we moved to Boulogne. Here we found ourselves not in a hospital of tents and huts, but in a very pretentious Casino, with its ball rooms and mirrored halls turned into wards for the sick and wounded. Here it was that during March of 1918 we saw the camouflaged British ships leaving 13,000 troops daily at the port, some new to war and new to France, others with as many as nine wound stripes. Every available man was being combed out of England. Here too we saw the Belgian artillery passing for hour after hour going up to the defence of Calais and all night a steady stream of lorries en route to the front, or troops marching by singing the old favorite of the British Tommy "Good-bye." These were black days in the war with daily communiques bringing news of our lines being driven back upon our lines of communication and when Amiens was under fire and we

were nearly wedged off from Paris into a pocket in Northern France. But here too we were still carrying on when the American Divisions — the 37th and 91st — came up from the Argonne to fight shoulder to shoulder with the British in Flanders, and when on Nov. 11, amid the greatest celebration that has ever taken place in any harbor the armistice was signed.

CUNNINGHAM, CONSTANCE

Extract from a Letter

We've had a tremendous amount of work to do, in the past three days. We were ordered here to B— from Camp V—. Mr. K., our divisional secretary, was immensely impressed by the necessity of secrecy, and made no preparation for the work we were to do until the evening before. Then he gathered the four Y secretaries and the three Y women workers into a Ford camionette and whirled us away into the dripping black night (no street lights and shuttered windows on account of air raids) and deposited us on the railroad quai. Then with bated breath and dramatic gesture he told us that our troops, the first American artillery, were to entrain here, beginning at noon the next day and continuing on a six hour schedule, a battery at a time, and were to leave for the front. Our job was to build a little shelter, set up stoves to dispense hot coffee, and make sandwiches to serve to the departing troops. All preparations must be finished by noon the next day, when the first battery was to arrive.

It seemed impossible to accomplish so much, but somehow we did, and two clothes-baskets full of Loganberry jam sandwiches, besides two enormous cheeses, about 80 pounds each, and a great heap of bread loaves were waiting for the men under our shelter when they arrived on the quai. May I never see Loganberry jam again! We've literally bathed in it for the past three days.

We arranged our little group of Y workers into three

shifts and the extra man drove the Ford back and forth from town (for the quai was in the suburbs) and hauled the water. A cold, dusty barn of a place and we used old trunks for tables.

Each shift was made up of a man, who made the coffee and kept enough wood chopped to feed the stoves, or else he pinched some French coal from a neighboring pile, and a girl to hand out sandwiches and cut cheese and bread under shelter. Each shift spent eight hours on the quai, then went to the sandwich making for eight hours and then got eight hours' much needed rest.

The night shift was the most thrilling. When a battery arrived on the quai with helmeted men on their well-packed horses and headed by a man with the guidon pennant, it looked like a mediæval cavalcade.

All the horses must be gotten into the box cars and the guns and equipment lashed firmly onto the flat cars, in just a certain way and under the supervision of an excited and gesticulating French railway official. This was no easy job, with only the light of an occasional lantern — for of course the Bosch knew all about the troop movement and pulled off an air raid, or rather tried to. The "contre bombardement" from all the forts surrounding B. was so tremendous (as we well knew by the falling shrapnel) that the Gothas turned tail before they reached us.

When the men saw our little lean-to (for it was only a tiny rag of canvas tied up to a high wall on one side and the other two corners held up by insecure posts which blew down with the wind and rain and wetted us down) with its hot coffee and sandwiches and three lanterns, of course they rushed for the food. It must have looked pretty good after a 30 kilometre hike in the rain and cold.

We soon discovered that to hand out anything, got us in wrong with those in command, who wisely said all the trains must be loaded before any food was eaten. So back the men had to go to refractory mules and kicking horses, and to tying on the caissons and the camouflaged 75 and 155 guns.

Finally all the men had filled up on hot coffee and their canteens too, and had each as many sandwiches and as much cheese as they could afford, and then the whistles blew and the men "fell in." Each Battery commander harangued his men—explaining about traveling in this new kind of train, the how and the why of it, and usually ended up with a good little exhortation to duty.

Finally everything was ready. All the stragglers were gotten aboard and the officers had squeezed into their day coaches with broken windows. The men were forty or so to a little French box car, unless they were fortunate enough to get with eight horses as guards. The French official blew his whistle and the long train pulled slowly out. We stood on the edge of the quai and shook all the outstretched hands that were thrust through the open side doors, towards us. Finally, the last car had passed and there was only inky blackness until we turned to our little shelter where the three lanterns burned. All we could do was to return to our bread and cheese cutting and wait for the next battery.

CURTIS, MARGARET

I arrived in France for the first time for war work, Feb. 21, 1916—the first day of the battle of Verdun. I went to work for the "Students' Atelier Reunions, War Relief Work" under Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Shurtleff. The work was to aid refugee families in Paris and meant at first chiefly the distribution of clothes sent from America, later we provided furniture for the families to set up their own households getting them out of nasty lodging houses. Also we had food distribution for sickly and undernourished children. It was my job to arrange the visits to the homes and to train the workers. I got home on July 4, 1916, and sailed again the end of September, 1916, to go on with the same work. In June, 1917, when the American Red Cross first arrived in France I offered them my services and

was accepted. I was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Refugees for Paris and the Department of the Seine (which means Paris and its immediate suburbs). There were at that time 83,000 refugees in Paris and 47,000 in the suburbs. Their greatest needs, as we saw it, were for better housing, more medical care and some method to stop the duplication of several societies working on the same family.

We met these needs as best we could, by advancing money to help finish buildings that had been begun before the war and had stood still since 1914, by maintaining a Dispensary for Refugees, of which Dr. Richard Cabot was the first Medical Director and in which Nora Saltonstall worked for a time, and by getting a group of French men and women to organize what is called in Boston the Confidential Exchange of Information maintained by the Associated Charities. In Paris it is called the Fichier Central. We succeeded in finishing 72 buildings which provided good homes for over 1,500 families.

In the autumn of 1917, the Bureau of Refugees for Paris was consolidated with the Bureau of Refugees for France and I was made Associate Chief. Mr. Edward T. Devine was Chief.

In June, 1918, I came home to go on a recruiting trip for Social Workers for the A. R. C. I visited and spoke at Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston. I returned in September, 1918. As Mr. Devine came home in September, I was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Refugees for France. On Jan. 20, 1919, I joined the Friends Unit and was elected "Sous-Chef" of the Department of Relief. I lived in their headquarters at Grange-le-Comte in the Department of the Meuse. They had been apportioned the area between the Argonne Forest and Verdun for the reconstruction work. It was my job to select the villages where the Relief Workers were to live and work and see to the administrative details. I had the pleasure of establishing myself the work in Dun-sur-Meuse.

DUMAINE, MARY T.

Life in a British Army field hospital would have been monotonous, I imagine, if there had not been so many changes of patients. Unless a man was too feeble to be moved he would be patched up and sent to "Blighty" within a week or two; or, if he were more slightly wounded he was kept so that in a week or more he could be ready to report to his depot for active duty. As there were many changes, — in fact, there were convoys coming in nearly every night — we could look forward every morning to a new element in the ward. Perhaps it would be five or six empty beds, which meant so many more had been able to go home; though, more than likely, what empty beds we had would be quite filled up. Except for this constant change, the hospitals under the British were run as much like a civilian one as the supplies would permit. Beds counted for everything. If they were not lined just right we would be sure to hear from the Matron or Colonel. Sometimes I think the war was won because our beds were so correct. I have had to pull as many beds apart as any other beginner ever did in a training hospital. I had read much about untrained girls having full charge of small hospitals containing from twenty to forty beds, doing all the work and with a visit from a director once in a while. I never saw any of that, however; in fact, each ward had its head nurse and assistant, besides an R. A. M. C. trained orderly and two or three convalescent patients who are retained as helpers. Etiquette was as necessary, there, as it was at General Headquarters, and inspections were as rigid as though we had all the luxuries of a modern city hospital.

The hours were arranged so that every nurse and V. A. D. had three hours off duty, or when we were rushed, two at the least. We began in the morning at 7.30, at twelve and one there were luncheons, so that the nurse could arrange for someone to be on the wards all the time.

In the afternoon we had our off-duty time from two to five and five to eight, or once a week we had a whole afternoon off so the other nurse had ten to one. The Matron always insisted that we have our regular time off duty, for she argued she got more efficient work from the nurses if they were perfectly fresh all the time.

When I first went into the wards I was simply amazed at the incomprehensibility of the language. Every other man would ask for, — say, a drink of water, in a different language: Lancashire, Yorkshire, Devonshire, Scotch, all going at once, too. I never believed that the "English" language, as it is written, was as strange as it looked; but, I really believe it sounds stranger. Each dialect is simply fascinating in itself after you know it, but before, when a man says "There's summut oop wi' summut laad," well — it is rather startling.

Much has been said of the spirit of the Tommy, but one of the phases of it that amused and interested me the most was his esprit de corps. If he had any life left in him at all he would sit up and argue with the best of them, if he even heard a word of the superiority of any other regiment. Indeed at times, Sister or I would simply have to forbid them to speak for a while, the arguments would get so heated. I used to think they had personal grudges against each other, but if one of them should happen not to have a "fag," another would throw him his whole packet. To see them lead each other into the ward was a revelation in itself. Especially during a rush, a man with a badly wounded arm would come slowly into the ward with the arm of a comrade around his shoulders who had been wounded in the foot. They shared everything, those boys, even to their mail, especially their home papers or magazines. I loved it when a Jock received a box from home. He would look around and whatever Jocks were there, — that is, if there were not too many of them — and say, "Say Jock, coom 'ere mon," and they would have a "grrrand" time remembering. Those boys were simply marvelous, the way they stood

for the taking off of bandages from sore wounds, or the probing for a "foreign body." They would lie all day in an uncomfortable position, if they could not move, and when they were asked why they did not call someone's attention to it, they would say, "Oh, you were too busy, Sister. I didn't want to be bothering you." But they would "grouse" (complain) themselves blue about the weather or the food, for as they said, "It's a soldier's only privilege." From start to finish, Tommy is a fatalist. He says, "If there's a piece of shrapnel with my number on it, it will get me no matter what I do." So, he is very much unconcerned under a bombardment, and only grouses during an air-raid because he would not be allowed to light a fog. During the last two years he would say, "The first seven years of the war will be the worst," and that, "War is a profession nowadays," and was quite prepared to spend many more years at it. In spite of all the horror, I think he will rather miss his army life.

FISKE, HANNAH

Extract from a Letter

Thursday the Red Cross in Paris said to us, the Shurtleff Relief, "How would you like to start two places for the new refugees that are pouring into Paris on account of the recent drive?" We said "All right," and shut up shop immediately. They said "Very well. Here are the places; food, condensed milk, coffee, sugar, bread, tea chocolate and cheese, 300 mattresses, 300 traversins, 600 blankets and two policemen will arrive this afternoon. You will have to house and feed 300 refugees tonight." You can just imagine how we worked to get things ready! We were installed in a school building and had three huge rooms and a kitchen. We unloaded mattresses, unloaded bread and provisions, spread the mattresses and blankets on every square inch of space, all over the floor. That

afternoon there were only four of us and, believe me, we worked! At five the refugees started to come by camion loads from the station, each with his bundles and precious belongings. To each load we gave hot coffee, bread and meat and they sat around the stove in the "Salle d'Attente" till little by little the room filled making a big crowd. We made bidon after bidon of coffee and huge waste-paper baskets full of bread and meat. They were a tired lot and only too grateful to be able to sit down in peace. There were old, old crumpled up dames with tiny black bonnets; there were people with one cane and two canes; there were little bits of babies and their mothers; there was a terribly sick man, dying of T. B. who had to be lifted about. He had been brought by his wife and daughters 17 kilometers in a wheelbarrow. Most everybody had been walking for half their journey at least, sometimes for three days.

Hannah Fiske reached Paris in the first week of November, 1917, to give her services to the Shurtleff Memorial Relief Work. This society, organized in the early part of the war by Mrs. Ernest Shurtleff, gave clothing, food and furniture to the refugees. Forced out of their homes by the Germans they arrived in Paris with nothing left in the world but what they could carry on their backs, to be crowded into the unwholesome, dirty rooms of the "hotel meublé." To enable families with children to get more decent quarters, the Shurtleff Work gave the most necessary articles of furniture. In order to see what they needed and get the furniture to them, transportation was essential and unbelievably difficult in war Paris.

When Hannah Fiske arrived with a new Ford touring car, armed with a knowledge of how to drive and keep in order both her car and our delivery car, she became an essential part of the Shurtleff Work. In a few months she had taken entire charge of our three automobiles and the difficult and tactful matter of getting our meagre allowance of gasoline from the French officials.

Whenever there was a hard or disagreeable task it was apt to fall to her, because we knew she would welcome it with unfailing goodwill. One peculiarly nasty morning with a cold and penetrating wind and rain, she arrived from the garage after an hour of petty annoyances with the car which refused to start, smiling and cheerful as usual. We had promised to deliver furniture that morning to a certain Madame Lefevre who lived outside the city walls. Hannah would not hear of putting off the journey with the result perhaps that Madame Lefevre and her children would have to go cold and supperless to bed on the bare floor. She cranked up the car again. After making sure that the beds had been sent from the store she went to our storehouse. There she and another of our "Reliables" themselves loaded on the stove, — a small French cooking stove, — a table, chairs, blankets, etc. In an hour Madame Lefevre who had not believed that the Americans could come to her aid that day was thankfully setting in order her new rooms with furniture of her own.

The following spring we succeeded in getting a boy to do the mechanical work of pouring out gasoline, putting on tires and tinkering the engine. Hannah had a little time and again had thrust upon her a monotonous, dull and necessary task. Morning after morning promptly at nine o'clock, never late even after nights interrupted by air raids, she stuck at the job of looking up names and filing cards in the card catalogue. Yet of twenty girls and the youngest, she was the only one who was not constantly talking about changing her work and getting nearer the front where there was more excitement. When the Shurtleff Work was taken over by the Red Cross and she was asked what kind of a job she would like, she answered, "Give me something no one else wants to do."

ALICE CHANNING,

Formerly Assistant to Mrs. Shurtleff.

FOSTER, HILDA C.

I landed in Bordeaux, November 9, and proceeded to Paris arriving there the night before the Armistice was signed. Due to the celebrations in Paris, I was kept there two weeks before being sent to a Canteen at the Porte Neuve Station, Dijon, France.

The work there consisted in serving the American soldiers who were passing through Dijon with meals or coffee and sandwiches. We fed from five to six hundred men at meal times and as many more between meals and during the night.

In March, I was sent to a Canteen at Treves, Germany, but stayed there only a week going from there to a small Canteen at Cochem. My work there was quite different from either Dijon or Treves. We five Red Cross Workers were the only American women in the town and for that reason we combined Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross work by devoting more of our time to entertainment than to the actual serving of food. All Red Cross Canteens in Germany were ordered closed the 20th of May. We left reluctantly but received a wonderful send-off from the men of the 4th Corps in Cochem.

There was a vacancy at the Canteen at St. Nazaire, which I was glad to fill as I was anxious to wait and return with my brother the first of July. The last of June I received word that I could obtain my discharge from the Red Cross, and could join my brother at the American Legation, Warsaw, Poland. I stayed with him there until he returned to the United States, the last of August.

It will always be a regret to me that circumstances were such that I was unable to get to France until just before the Armistice was signed. I nevertheless consider that I was most fortunate in the work I was given, inasmuch as it was of such a varied character. I had the hard, steady work at Dijon, the work of continual entertaining in Ger-

many, the joy of being at a port of embarkation at St. Nazaire and seeing the American soldiers sail for home, and last, but not least, the experience of being in Warsaw, and meeting interesting people who are helping in making Poland again a nation.

GRAY, HOPE

Occupational Therapy is one of the new branches of the United States Army, though it is an embodiment into our organization of the experience of many of our Allies, notably England, France, and Canada, in the re-education of the disabled soldier. In March, 1918, beginning as a private enterprise under government sanction, Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy were introduced into the Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, D. C., with the two-fold aim, firstly of bringing new interest into the round of hospital routine by cheerful, sane employment and thereby building up morale with the assurance that the patient, though injured, could still look forward to a life of active production and self-support, and secondly as a physical factor of assisting the return to normal use in so far as possible of muscles requiring specific exercise. From this latter point of view the Occupational Aides were to carry on the work of the Physio Therapist who comprised the other half of the group known as Reconstruction Aides. The work of the "Physio" was the massage, under the surgeon's orders, of injured members, with a certain constructive end in view. If at the end of perhaps fifteen minutes' massage the member remained inactive or wrongly employed until the massage hour next day, the return to normal use would be a slow process. If, however, following the "Physio's" preparation, the Occupational Aide provided the patient with a piece of work in which he was interested, and which brought in necessarily the required motion, he would continue to use the member with enthusiasm for several hours per day, intent upon making say, a bag for his "best girl" and meanwhile carrying on a definite exercise which,

given to him in the form of dull gymnastics, he would through sheer boredom have refused to do for more than a few moments. Granting an intelligent boy who wants to help himself, this could be put to him as a means of advancement on his road to recovery, gaining his cooperation. If his attitude as to its ultimate physical action on himself was skeptical there remained at least the bag for his "girl" as a concrete and desirable end in itself.

It was with the above outlined dual purpose that under the special wing of the Orthopedic Department, the Surgeon-General sent overseas the first group of thirteen Occupationals (as they were familiarly called) of which I was a member, and to which group were attached fourteen Physios, one installation of which had preceded these. We were given clearly to understand that the future continuance of the work hinged on how we made good, which was rather appalling to six of us who had been ordered overseas when only half way through our training in the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, and who had had no hospital experience.

We were the ice-breakers, and we realized this most acutely when we arrived after midnight at Chateauroux, France, after three days and nights of continuous travelling from Liverpool, our Army rations accompanying us, and the gunny-sack of bread in the train corridor acting as parlor car seat for several, and found they neither wanted nor expected us, and saw no possible use to which we could be put. For the first two weeks while our status was being explored, we were distributed through the wards as nurses' aids, an experience for which I shall always be grateful, and then were reluctantly allowed to begin our own work, I think at that time on the theory that given enough rope we would soon automatically hang ourselves. Though the government had provided for our salaries no such provision had been made for materials with which to teach the various handicrafts, and those first months were a long struggle to make good on a basis of supplies forcibly wrested from the Salvage Pile. Quaker Oats was a blessing to us, for not only did it afford beautiful expanses of tin by its inner case, but that in turn was enclosed

in boxes of gumwood on which a large part of the wood carving, frames, etc., of the hospitals of the A. E. F. were done!

There was much to overcome, but once two or three boys had rather sheepishly started on knitting caps, block printing, making of bead chains or any other occupation, first curiosity would attract others to watch, then to try, and when one answered their protestation that they "couldn't ever do that kind of 'Ha-am stitchin'" that Slim was doing" by explaining that the said Slim did not know how to do it either yesterday, they would usually grin and agree to "try anything once," which was an attitude of mind very typical of the American Army. Within a few days the wish to make something would become epidemic, and a cheerful busy crowd would be getting into difficulties with recalcitrant thread, or clamoring for how to get their initials on the leather cigarette case they were making, or joshing each other in place of just thinking desolately or gambling. And they *are* boys when all is said and done, big overgrown boys, keeping the heart and the simple responsibilities of a child, with the extraordinary silent courage which could stand not only the tests of bravery under the excitation of battle, but the long months of blank suffering in hospital where the thrill of emotions and big sacrifice were past, and only the acute consciousness left of a maimed body with which to face the unknown world of the future. To be truly their friend, their confidant, to know that by ever so little one has been able to help them to keep their faith in life is all and more than one would ask. And one must feel that if some such spirit can be kept alive now that the return to peace has come, if some spark of their high purpose remains lighted, the present clouds of class antagonism, suspicion, and unrest (where that unrest is destructive) must finally break away showing a clearer dawn ahead. As I once wrote to my father from France: "If the future of America rests in the hands of these boys and such as they, I for one can lay aside my fears for what is ahead and rest content that in the Democracy which they create I can surely place my faith."

HEMENWAY, MARY

Extract from a Letter

Trondes, France.

We have hit the grandest place this time! We have been permanently assigned to Trondes, and there is no use looking it up on the map, as it is only a microscopic French village somewhere between Toul and Commercy. The 59th Pioneer Infantry to which we are attached, is billeted here, also a company of engineers, a rough crew from way back who have been here for about nine months.

Con and I nearly died when we reached this town. We had been told that it was a charming old French town, and that we would be billeted in most attractive quarters with a very agreeable French family. We arrived to find the tiniest and the most typical French village, one main street of little old chaumieres, each one nearly lost to view under the huge pile of manure that each villager heaps up in front of his door. Our billets were in the house of M. le Maire! The mayor's house, however, is conspicuous only for having a larger and richer manure pile than any of the others! Con and I were ushered into the second of the only two rooms of the house, a sort of royal suite with an ancestral couch heavily curtained and bolstered, and which Con and I could only get into by first standing on the chair and then climbing up into it.

As we were undressing we heard a dull thud and Con says, "There goes the cow." Sure enough, the cow, the calf and two pigs have their billets right alongside of us, and the thud was the cow getting the hay.

M. and Madame le Maire are two dear old folk. They work in the fields all day, and the Mayor's official business is more or less indefinitely postponed till after planting season. It is a sight to see Mme. cooking up a brew in a kettle over the big open fireplace and taking it out to the pig in the next room.

The "Y" hut was an old Foyer, sort of barn effect. We sell behind the counter, arrange for movie shows, and Con with

wonderful skill cooked up some hot chocolate in two old pails and a disabled stove which we hand around free. It makes a great hit and the waiting line extends three times down the length of the Foyer.

HOMANS, HELEN

Le Général Commandant en Chef cite a l'Ordre de l'Armée:

Mademoiselle Hélène *Homans*, de la S. B. M. Infirmière a un Hôpital Complémentaire d'Armée:

"Aux armées depuis le 29 Fevrier 1916, s'est toujours fait remarquer par son absolu dévouement, notamment aux hôpitaux d'évacuation de COURLANDON et de VASSENY, en zone bombardée et dans un hôpital complémentaire d'armée où elle a contracté, en soignant des blessés malades, une affection contagieuse qui met sa vie en danger."

Au Grand Quartier Général, le 18 NOVEMBER 1918

Le Général Commandant en Chef,

PETAIN.

Extract from a Letter

H. O. E. 18. Secteur Postal 181.

November 1, 1917.

I have just lived through the most terrific ten days of my life. I didn't know that it was humanly possible to work so hard. I did three thirty-six hour stretches in one week; two of which I had to, the other night I thought a man was dying, and I knew the regular night nurse who has three or five barracks to look after at once couldn't do much, so I stayed with him. He had a fracture (hopeless) at the base of his skull, and though he lived through that night, he began the next day to be perfectly out of his

head, and he died about two days ago. We had one man brought in to die; another boy had the most ghastly death. I was with him when he died and I shall never get over it, he was wounded in the stomach, such a darling boy and only son. That same night I got a doctor for a man who was very sick — they operated in our *salle de pansement* at about eleven — gas gangrene, and he died about nine that morning — another ghastly death and such suffering! This is the first word I have written since the attack began a week ago Monday, except a postal to Lisa today to thank her for some things. The worst is over now and we are reasonably cheerful. I have never learned so much in my life, but if I had known the responsibility I don't know that I would ever have come. I said to Katharine today, that I thought we had now done everything except operate. There have been so many wounded that doctors didn't have enough beds in their own *barraques*, the result being that four besides our own do dressings and have patients in our *barraques*. The result is that we are so busy waiting on doctors that we don't have time for the patients. Katharine and I do the most terrific dressings without any feeling, except that they must be got through. We have a lot of head cases and I hope I will never see another. I have one little boy that has been like an animal for a week, but intelligence is coming back a little, and I am so excited about his getting well, that I am afraid I fuss about him too much. We had two more heads come in tonight, but they weren't crazy, thank Heaven! We never got our thirty-nine cases, but we have varied between that and about thirty. At one time I thought that if I saw the Anamites appearing with a stretcher again at our door I would shoot them. Tonight we were suddenly called to Mlle. Murat's ward as a man had a hemorrhage. I grabbed a piece of tubing and bolted. The whole bed was a pool of blood, and the man was pretty far gone. I sent the orderly flying for a doctor (we *happened* to know where they were) while Katharine and I tried to apply pressure as we couldn't use a tourni-

quiet as it was a chest wound. Luckily two doctors arrived immediately and I think the man is going to live — this casual way of leaving wards doesn't always work. I must go to bed so I won't tell you any more now of what we have been through, as it might depress you too much, and we are now really cheerful. Nobody is dying, and for last night and tonight we have a *veilleuse de nuit* who is doing only that, which puts off our turn anyway a few days. That is the worst as you have two hundred beds on your hands, and you have to use a lot of judgment about what to do. That night I had my two dying, I thought a boy might pop off in another *barraque*, and I had to keep dashing over there. Tonight I don't feel at all the way I have before, that I should die if I didn't get to bed the second I struck my room. We begin at eight and last night I didn't get through until eleven. The cheerful things are — that the attack is over — the weather is wonderful — the food heavenly — everybody awfully nice — our table of eight is delightful — people just like us — we are all well — and best of all nobody is dying at present. The Boches (there are lots of wounded ones here) have stopped shelling the "road," so there is no danger whatever. I won't write any more.

The socks came and are a godsend — also the box the Boston Red Cross sent to P. A. which has come here and is worth its weight in gold. Gen. Petain, Gen. Mestre and Gen. Michel have all been playing about our wards!

HUNNEWELL, GERTRUDE

I left America January 13th, 1919, to do Y. M. C. A. work in France. I met Miss Amy Steiner of Baltimore on the steamer and we decided to go together into the French end of the Y. M. C. A. work, and in the devastated regions if possible.

A month later found us at St. Quentin in charge of the "Foyer du Soldat." There were only a half a dozen habita-

ble houses, our Foyer being established in one of them. It consisted of one large reading and writing room, a small canteen, and our bedrooms above.

There were perhaps 200 civilians back at that time, and about 8,000 soldiers stationed in the town. Except for certain companies who guarded German prisoners (of whom there were nearly 15,000), there was practically no work for the troops, and time hung heavy on their hands. At the end of a month we had a wooden floor instead of the dripping mud of the winter, roof patched, black dirty walls whitewashed and decorated, and "vitrex" window panes instead of filthy cotton, which changed the room entirely. At the end of another month more civilians came back to live in their tumbled-down houses and cellars, and with them came the opening of many wine shops, which were the only diversion for the soldiers. We finally got a cinema running four evenings a week, and got the poilus interested in games such as baseball, boxing, and even tennis in the old market place. The French are slow at getting interested in athletics, but love them when once started.

The work was very gratifying, — our Foyer being packed with soldiers all day, who were pathetically grateful for the very small comforts and pleasures we could give them.

We stayed until the end of August, when the demobilization had taken a large number of our clients, and the military Foyer was to be gradually turned into a Foyer for civilians.

I feel sure that all the Americans who have either fought with the French army, or worked for them, share the opinion of Miss Steiner and myself that it was a great privilege to be with them, and to have had the opportunity of showing our appreciation of their sufferings and heroism.

LAMSON, MRS. P. D.

We lived over in the Latin quarter — the motor drivers and I — as near the old barn of a garage as we could find rooms to live in. We were a strictly feminine institution

even to the little *femme de ménage* who came and washed our five or six cars. Our daily job was first to see that the particular car entrusted to each one of us was kept in running order, then to take it over across the river to the headquarters of the committee in the Champs Elysées, find out from the order book what our deliveries were to be, look up the hospitals, etc., on our maps of Paris, get our bales and bags into the cars and start away as quickly as we could. We would all turn up at lunch time at the Oeuvre and with the other workers go off in groups to the various restaurants and cafés in the neighborhood for something to eat. Then we would go on with the deliveries in the afternoon turning up about seven o'clock at our rooms for dinner. This schedule held for every day in the week but Saturday afternoon, when we had time in the garage to do any little odd repairs that were needed, or had mechanics come from the Ford place at Neuilly to do those that required more muscle.

On special days like July fourth, July fourteenth, Lafayette's birthday, etc., we filled the cars with huge sacks full of "comfort bags." Two or three of us either distributed these to soldiers in the hospitals or were privileged to go down to the trains departing for the front and distract for a few moments the poor heavy souls who had just bid goodbye to their families and turned their faces once more towards what they knew to be sooner or later certain death. I had doubted very much the value of these so-called "comfort bags" until on one of these occasions when a train load of some five hundred blue-coated men had slowly pulled out of the gare du Nord, every window and door overflowing with heads and waving arms, and a confusion of cries of "*Vive l'Amérique!*" and snatches of *La Marseillaise* and general shoutings of "*Au revoir Mesdemoiselles,*" etc., the sergeant — or whoever was the officer that had charge of them, — came up to us smiling and said, "*Vous avez touché les poilus,*" and almost with tears in his eyes, "*Ah, Mesdemoiselles, vous avez fait du bien.*"

I then spent a month going around through Brittany, in a little Ford runabout, taking Miss Nanby, an English nurse, to find out about the conditions of tuberculosis in that region. We had a most delightful time, and I felt that in this as in the actual delivery work I had somehow missed the hard work that I had expected to have and had come to give.

LAZENBY, ELIZABETH

England in 1915 was a place where the novelty of war, the excitement of it, the horror and the fervidness, was only just beginning to wear off. She was getting her second wind and settling down to a grim death grip, which showed itself in 1916 in a vast variety of forms. As my father and I steamed up the Mersey in the summer of '15, there was wild waving of flags from all the boats which passed ours and hoarse cries of "Are we down-hearted?" the answer "No," echoing and re-echoing again with all the mightiness a hundred and more voices could put into it. The boat was filled with men coming from all parts of the world, each with the one thought in his head — how soon could he get into it; with Canadian girls on their way to nurse or do canteen service — anything at all that would take them. In '16, however, England had drunk deep, and her teeth were clenched to an inevitable and grinding monotony of effort and sorrow. The women as well as the men, the children, too, were all pushing forward on the same errand. I have not space to mention all the activities into which these women went at home and abroad. To me the amazing thing was their quietness, their cheerfulness, their modesty, their efficiency, in short their determination to play their part of the game as well as their husbands and brothers, fathers and sweethearts. Of their troubles they never spoke. They were out *to win the war*, for which purpose they let no obstacle, body or soul stand in the way. I am always reminded of the

mother of a boy in the navy, the boy, incidentally, a very close friend of Kipling's only son, who had made his mother promise that should he be lost, she would drink his health in champagne the day she heard. The lad was lost in the battle off the Falkland Isles. She and his father kept the promise. This was the spirit transforming England in those days of '16, and we found it an England which said little and did much, which took every additional burden in the light of a duty, never dreaming of praise and seldom receiving it — an England — and this is the most that can be said of it, proudly maintaining at home the traditions her sons were writing in blood in the mud-ridden, shell-torn fields of six battlefronts.

In June, 1917, I went to France, to the hospital known there as the 22nd General, but better known here as the Harvard Unit, and part of that huge hospital area extending along the whole northern coast of France. In June '17, it was a camp hospital, almost entirely under canvas, with conditions differing in every respect from those we had grown accustomed to in England. Each ward was a marquee unto itself, and of wards there were some 30 or 40. Every ward had from 60 to 70 beds, upwards of 20 stretchers being added in an emergency, which came every time there was a push, and, of course, everything was of the simplest. A tray with a jar of instruments, bowl of solution, sponges, bandages, pads — just what was actually needed — served as our dressing carts, and from it all the dressings were done. All water was carried in and out, and for heat, in winter we had a couple of stoves, one at either end, which smoked us out at least once a day, but how we all loved it! In summer, we had just a very small methyated burner.

The question is often asked, — what kind of wounded did we receive? For answer, all kinds, not only of wounds but of sicknesses, even to leprosy, sometimes, often, accumulated on one individual. To me, the most pathetic were the burn and gas cases.

The word work had no meaning for me until I got to

I then spent a month going around through Brittany, in a little Ford runabout, taking Miss Nanby, an English nurse, to find out about the conditions of tuberculosis in that region. We had a most delightful time, and I felt that in this as in the actual delivery work I had somehow missed the hard work that I had expected to have and had come to give.

LAZENBY, ELIZABETH

England in 1915 was a place where the novelty of war, the excitement of it, the horror and the fervidness, was only just beginning to wear off. She was getting her second wind and settling down to a grim death grip, which showed itself in 1916 in a vast variety of forms. As my father and I steamed up the Mersey in the summer of '15, there was wild waving of flags from all the boats which passed ours and hoarse cries of "Are we down-hearted?" the answer "No," echoing and re-echoing again with all the mightiness a hundred and more voices could put into it. The boat was filled with men coming from all parts of the world, each with the one thought in his head — how soon could he get into it; with Canadian girls on their way to nurse or do canteen service — anything at all that would take them. In '16, however, England had drunk deep, and her teeth were clenched to an inevitable and grinding monotony of effort and sorrow. The women as well as the men, the children, too, were all pushing forward on the same errand. I have not space to mention all the activities into which these women went at home and abroad. To me the amazing thing was their quietness, their cheerfulness, their modesty, their efficiency, in short their determination to play their part of the game as well as their husbands and brothers, fathers and sweethearts. Of their troubles they never spoke. They were out *to win the war*, for which purpose they let no obstacle, body or soul stand in the way. I am always reminded of the

mother of a boy in the navy, the boy, incidentally, a very close friend of Kipling's only son, who had made his mother promise that should he be lost, she would drink his health in champagne the day she heard. The lad was lost in the battle off the Falkland Isles. She and his father kept the promise. This was the spirit transforming England in those days of '16, and we found it an England which said little and did much, which took every additional burden in the light of a duty, never dreaming of praise and seldom receiving it — an England — and this is the most that can be said of it, proudly maintaining at home the traditions her sons were writing in blood in the mud-ridden, shell-torn fields of six battlefronts.

In June, 1917, I went to France, to the hospital known there as the 22nd General, but better known here as the Harvard Unit, and part of that huge hospital area extending along the whole northern coast of France. In June '17, it was a camp hospital, almost entirely under canvas, with conditions differing in every respect from those we had grown accustomed to in England. Each ward was a marquee unto itself, and of wards there were some 30 or 40. Every ward had from 60 to 70 beds, upwards of 20 stretchers being added in an emergency, which came every time there was a push, and, of course, everything was of the simplest. A tray with a jar of instruments, bowl of solution, sponges, bandages, pads — just what was actually needed — served as our dressing carts, and from it all the dressings were done. All water was carried in and out, and for heat, in winter we had a couple of stoves, one at either end, which smoked us out at least once a day, but how we all loved it! In summer, we had just a very small methylated burner.

The question is often asked, — what kind of wounded did we receive? For answer, all kinds, not only of wounds but of sicknesses, even to leprosy, sometimes, often, accumulated on one individual. To me, the most pathetic were the burn and gas cases.

The word work had no meaning for me until I got to

France, and there, it was always my impression that the Lord was kind to soldiers, and if they survived — as they so often did — the terrible wounds many of them got, it was due in large part to their indomitable spirit instead of the amount of nursing they received. During a rush it was utterly impossible to do more than make their beds, do their dressings, and give them the necessary amount of nourishment. There were generally two nurses, or a nurse and a V. A. D., on a ward which had anywhere from seventy to over a hundred cases, and with the help of a regular orderly and one or two patient orderlies, you could not *nurse*, you could only keep alive. If I had learned to admire Tommy in England, I learned to admire him tenfold more in France, where all that was superfluous dropped away and individuals emerged as their Lord had made them. And when Tommy emerged it was entirely to his advantage.

It will be remembered in those summer months of '17, there was the Messines show and following that, Paschendale. I was on night-duty for part of that time. Then it was that any illusions I may have had of the romance of war nursing were completely driven away. If you can close your eyes and picture to yourself a long, low marquee, crammed to the limit with cases, seventy odd in the beds, stretchers on every bit of the floor space, a light in the center shaded by scarlet screens, — our "dug-out" — one sputtering lantern, the rain pouring through every available crack, of which there were so many that the tubs, buckets, and basins set at intervals up and down the ward could not begin to catch all the water, and it ran in rivers which you dodged as you walked up and down. If you can imagine that, and, still with your eyes closed, hear the wind moaning low music for the rats as they scampered like a hundred chariot horses on the board floor, your only protection from the mud! then bring to your mind the sight of men going off to Blighty with smiles on their faces, or being carried in from the clearing stations — dirty and oh! so tired, — then going away to the theatre by the

twos and threes, returning a short time later sufficiently "out from under" to raise pandemonium in a ward that tried patiently, and uncomplainingly, to sleep. Add to that, the fact that the unexpected was likely to happen, did happen, and that you had to help your one orderly for half the night, reminding yourself that had you been a fully trained nurse you would have probably had two such wards to look after, and that, when the unexpected did happen, you had to dash into the rain to get help and leave the men to the mercies of Providence—you may imagine all that and though you still will not be able to picture it as it really was, it will seem horrible, but—strangely enough—it was never at any time horrible. For it was at night that you had time to do things which had to pass by during the day, little things, such as giving extra-nourishments—and they would drink buckets of milk or lemonade—and rubbing them, and trying to make them more comfortable, so that they could get off to sleep in all the confusion going on roundabout.

Before the winter lull had set in to advantage, there fell over the hearts of all of us the shadow of forebodings, which, as time went on, and tension increased, took definite form in the feeling that before many weeks were over the Allies would be tried as they had never been tried before. The retreat began on the 21st of March. Our armies as they went back were obliged to abandon the C. C. S.'s (casualty clearing stations). Consequently, temporarily we had become a C. C. S. Even yet I cannot bear to think of those poor beggars left to the mercies of the Hun who poured liquid fire on them in their advance. Those who came to us were the lucky ones who were not so badly cut up that they could not move, and were able to get themselves away by jumping on anything which would bring them down the line. From noon of the 22nd they poured into us by the hundred, and left us by the hundred, all day and all night, hourly. It is the glory of their spirit which stands out now in my memory. They surpassed even themselves to the extent that those priv-

ileged to be with them had no doubt of the eventual outcome even in those all too thrilling hours. I think of two boys especially, one who had lost his sight, both hands, and was having a leg taken off, who told the sister who was etherizing him "he hoped he wasn't giving her too much trouble"; and of another lad seen passing one of the buildings, his head wrapped in bandages, one arm in a sling, something the matter with the hand on the other, and a leg, while his khaki was drenched in mud and blood from head to foot, — it was raining, and he was limping along whistling, "It's a long way to Tipperary"! And it is well also to remember that those boys who "fought with their backs to the wall," were England's last reserves — most of them under 18 — whom she had hoped to save, but who, in the face of events, were chucked in and told to hold the line, if they died holding it, and, though most of them died in the process, that line held. Looking back to Mons, when the little band of "contemptibles," the original British army, saved Paris by what now seems a miraculous withdrawal; to the first battle of Ypres when at a cost of 75 per cent of their forces, the "contemptibles," reenforced, blocked the German advance to the channel ports, and again a replenished army, through two successive winters, held the salient; and to the Somme, where thousands of men stood waist deep in water for weeks on end that the line should not be broken; and to Vimy and Paschendale, and, finally, to the retreat of 1918, — the General was right, was he not, who said, "the old army was the nation in miniature, the new army was the nation itself."

By the first week in April, the tide turned, with it the tension slackened, the horrible low rumble of the guns became gradually distant, and we all knew now it was only a question of time before the end would come. Fritz, however, had one last card to play which he shook over our heads in devilish glee, in the shape of airplanes, coming by the tens at night, by the two and threes by day, for observations, from May until August. For a time so much damage was done to

hospitals it was not considered safe to send us patients, so we became reduced to lying awake by day and by night, snatching what sleep we could as we lay on the hills, or, later on, in the dug-outs. It is not to the credit of the Hun that in that one little region where the 22d happened to be, there were some 15,000 casualties during those few months, all of which were among wounded, medical and nursing staffs, and civilians.

The last weeks of the war were hard ones for Tommy and consequently busy ones for us. I say, hard ones for Tommy, for though the Germans were well on the run, during those days I was on night duty, and saw them come in, magnificent as they had ever been, yet terribly cut up and mostly with gas infections, — I confess to being filled with fury that there were people who, in answer to the peace rumors, hoped it would go on, on, till we reached Berlin! Ah yes, if the price was theirs to pay!

Finally, when the end came, it took every one's breath away. No one could realize it, from the old French woman in the village bakery who said to all incomers, her lips trembling and the tears running down her crinkled old cheeks, "*La guerre est finie, n'est-ce pas — Ah mon dieu, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle*"; to the grinning Tommy who passed you on the road, running, whistling, toward the paper-boys who cropped up as often as possible to sell the specials at a franc apiece; or, even, to the Germans in the camps and working along the roads, who tossed their caps into the air. On the 11th day of the 11th month, at 4 in the afternoon, a clerk from the office brought the communiqué into the ward — "*Hostilities ceased at 11 A.M.*" — That was all. — I remember reading it so they all could hear. For a moment there was absolute silence, then one lad gave a queer low noise like a dog that has been struck. As I looked up he turned away, biting his lips to keep the tears back. After that there were some half-broken cheers. Those who were up where the fighting had been only a few minutes or hours before, said the closer you got the more dumb was the joy which prevailed.

It was the spirit which had carried these lads through four and a half years that was with them to the end; the spirit

that taught them to know no defeat, and never to be elated when they won; the spirit which made every man a comrade to every other man. Of this last there was a wonderful example on armistice night when a boy who had served for four and a half years, was going out with "flu." He heard the bells ringing about 6 o'clock, after mass. "Is that the end of the war, sister?" he asked, and when he was told it was, then, "Won't the boys in the trenches be glad." They were his last words, and they showed where his mind was. During the weeks which followed the armistice, it was again this indomitable spirit which enabled many thousand boys, turned out of German prison camps, to walk anywhere from 200 to 500 miles to freedom, without food, without sufficient clothing, often ill, and, finally, come stumbling across our lines, half blind with fatigue and suffering, but yet, our doctors said, smiling. In some cases the spirit willed, but the flesh was weak, and they dropped dead by the wayside.

Their humor was part and parcel of this same spirit, the simple lovable quality they all had which made it — as one boy expressed it — "as easy to pull their face one way as the other," and face death and worse, far worse, with a smile and a joke.

The very souls of the men who went under so gallantly, and the women and children, who, in many cases, endured an equal amount of suffering, cry out that any should say today it was all for nothing. For though the battlefields are but a barren waste, the little crosses, black and white, speak more loudly than any words could speak. The proof is with us who are left.

"If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders field."

LEE, MARY

IL Y A UN AN

"Put that light out!" yelled the guard. Hastily I extinguished my flashlight and plowed on through the black ooze of a French field, with now and then a kick to fling junks of mud off my feet. The distant boom, boom of the guns north of Verdun came out of the black distance through the nearer drip, drip of the rain. It was a year ago, that night, — or was it ten years?

There was a rumor that the war would be over the next day at eleven o'clock, but we at the First Air Depot hardly believed it. We listened the next morning, before the noises of the Camp started, and still there was the distant thundering from the Argonne. Would it really be over? Could it be over, after four years?

At ten o'clock I decided that if that war was to stop, I was going to hear it stop. So I donned my rubber coat, and started down the road, away from the multifarious, mechanical noises of the aviation camp. The rain had stopped for a moment or two, as I headed for the hill to the westward, and the mist rose in a horizontal, white wisp from under the hills toward Toul. A French peasant limped along the road from the little town of Barisey-la-Cote, his great wooden shoes clap-clapping as he came.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur.*"

"*Bon jour, Madame,*" — the queer peasant accent on the last syllable.

"*La guerre est finie, Monsieur?*" He stopped.

"Ah," he shrugged his shoulders, raising his eyebrows with the perpetual skepticism of his race, — "*je ne sais pas, moi. On dit que oui. Mais je ne sais pas.*"

"*Espérons,*" said I.

"*Mais oui, Madame. Bon jour, Madame.*"

I walked through his muddy little town, with its black pools of manure, and up a path, past an ancient church on the

hillside, and again up through a vineyard to the edge of an oak wood on the crest. Here the sound came more directly from the front, undisturbed by the daytime's nearer noises. I took out my watch. It was twenty minutes of eleven. Sitting down on a wet rock, I listened. . . . For a minute there seemed to be no sound, save the dripping of the oak trees and the chug of a tractor from the valley below. Then faintly came the distant boom, boom, and a minute or two, and another boom, boom. . . . They were at it still.

I walked up and down to keep the damp, French cold out of my bones, stopping now and then to listen. Ten minutes of eleven! I listened again. At first, nothing; then again came the faint, distant explosions that we had heard every night for months. Surely they were not going to stop! Eleven o'clock. I held my hand, shell-shaped, behind my ear. There it was, — boom! Why must that rabbit make such a rumpus in the bushes? How could I expect to hear? With every nerve in my body, I listened. What was happening in the Argonne?

I looked at my watch. Twenty minutes past eleven. Not a sound came out of the distance. Again I walked up and down a bit, — perhaps I had been trying too hard to hear. Then I stopped. Not a sound came on the faint, new breeze that rustled the oak leaves. I turned and walked down the hill, and back to my canteen.

"Is it over?" people asked each other in the camp. "Can we show lights to-night?" No one was quite sure. No one could quite believe.

"I runned across a feller from the 82d Division," said a truck driver. "They was over to Vaucouleurs, just come out of them Argonne woods. He says his Captain said it was over."

I had a brother in the 82d Division, so I pricked up my ears.

"Where were they?"

"Hikin'."

"Where to?"

"Dunno. Think they figure on pullin' into Neufchateau to-night."

That afternoon I went out onto the road that led to Neufchateau, and waited, stamping my feet and watching the red glow of the sunset. It had cleared off, and when it clears off in France the heart sings. Came the rumble of an Army truck, and presently I saw it coming at the end of the long aisle of trees which was the road.

"Where you going?" I yelled.

"Neufchateau," bellowed the two soldiers on the seat, and slowed up. I ran after, they pulled me aboard, and we zoomed down the road perched above the powerful racket of a Liberty motor.

"War over?"

"That's what they say."

We slowed down as we came to the little town of Autreville. Suddenly I heard bells, ringing fast and loud and with a joyousness that thrilled. Was it really over, then? We stopped while the soldiers did something to the truck. The narrow street was half dark, half lit by the moonlight on the white walls of the shuttered houses. Against the sky at its end stood the black silhouette of the Church steeple, sending down through the clear air always that joyous sound of bells. A firecracker spluttered red, and exploded near my feet, and I turned to see a small, black-aproned boy.

"*Qu'est ce que c'est?*" I inquired somewhat testily. I had acquired a great dislike for all things that exploded.

"*C'est la guerre, Madame, qui est finie,*" said the little boy. "*Ah! regardez la bas!*" He pointed, excited, down the road. There was the noise of a motor and, lo, great, blaring head lights coming toward us. Presently a low slung, bluish car of the French Army, filled with officers sped past us and on toward Paris, its lights making a white ribbon of the tree-lined road. Lights! French officers using headlights on the road! The War *was* over! As we sped on down the road, the bells of Autreville seemed to go on ringing in my head.

"Boy, howdy!" shouted the soldier beside me suddenly, "Look at that!" We had rounded a bend, and were started down a grade above Neufchateau. Out of the purple cup of the little valley shone a myriad twinkling lights. We grabbed

at each other's knees in our excitement. For months one of our chiefest duties had been not to show a light. All summer we had ridden trucks on black, rainy roads, with soldiers hanging off the mudguards to try to smell a way on into the darkness. Only last night I had heard the quick command to "Put that light out." And suddenly here below us lay this fairyland of twinkling, yellow lights.

The brakes squeaked on the grade, then we coasted, and jolted across the railroad track into the town. But I did not know this town! The town I knew was a town of shuttered houses, with black, narrow streets, where unlighted trucks had ploughed through mud and splashed mud on the walls, across sidewalks on which people collided in the dark. Tonight every window was ajar, and lighted with little rows of candles, lending the faintest air of worship to the strange scene in the streets. All the world and his wife and child and the baby were wandering about; soldiers of every Ally seemed to be there laughing, talking, as if they had always been friends.

I got down from my truck and wandered about among them, trying to feel this strange, new thing that was in the air. With the crowd, I was swept on toward the brightly lit corner of the *Hotel Continental*. On one side an American lieutenant guided a blue-clad Army Nurse by the elbow; on the other a Chasseur Alpin exchanged repartee with a comrade, whose voice came from over my left shoulder. In front of me a bare-headed woman, with a fat baby on her arm murmured to her *poilu* husband: "*Mais, Mon Dieu! Ou allons nous?*"

A mad procession surged toward us up the street, men, women, children, soldiers of every nation, — arms linked, red and yellow lanterns swaying above their heads to a wild triumphant song:

"*Madelon, Madelon, Madelon!*"

With a weird rhythm they came nearer, the sound growing, growing, becoming more and more intoxicating in its joy:

*"La Madelon pour nous n'est pas sévère,
Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton
Elle rit, c'est tout l'mal qu'elle sait faire
Madelon, Madelon, Madelon!"*

I was swept into it. Suddenly I felt an arm about my waist, and a poilu cried: "Allons, allons, ma chérie, la guerre est finie." An American soldier turned, and winked at me from in front.

On and on we swung, and as we went we sang. Now and again someone snatched for a hat, — as we breathlessly mounted the steep little street to the Place Jeanne d'Arc. We surged about the little maid, standing stiff and prim on her pedestal. American soldiers climbed 'up and covered her with French and American flags, and the French cried out: "*Ah, comme c'est jolie. Comme c'est ravissante!*" and the Americans cried back, "Ah! quit yer kiddin'," and everybody laughed.

From somewhere came a French girl, an American Colonel, and a French officer, with an Italian band. They put themselves on the steps of Jeanne d'Arc's little platform, and the girl sang the Marseillaise. Then we all sang the Marseillaise. Then we sang as much of the Star Spangled Banner as the Italian band could play, and after it they played "God Save the King," to which the Yanks shouted lustily "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

After the Colonel and the Officer and the Girl had disappeared, an American negro soldier climbed up under the Maid of Orleans and made a speech. "Ma fren's," he shouted, "Ma fren's! We done come ober yeah to fight de Germans, and ma fren's, we'se gwine home vic-to-rious." "You tell 'em, Buddy!" howled an American from somewhere in the crowd. Next to me a respectable French gentleman clapped earnestly, and murmured, "C'est bien, ca."

An intoxicated Moroccan soldier addressed me in pidgin-French, and a tall doughboy took my arm, calmly, from the other side and walked me away, down the ladder-like street. Immediately we became friends, and together we

wandered to where a crowd had gathered in the street outside the Lafayette Club. Under the splash of light from a street lamp people were dancing, to the hitchy music of the Italian band. Poilus twirled their sweethearts, American doctors and nurses dodged in among them, and doughboys waltzed vigorously with one another, the perspiration dripping from their brows. My doughboy looked down at me.

"Say — " he said.

"Come on," said I. So we waltzed, on and on, to the end of the music, and stopped and laughed at each other, and wondered how long it was since the world had danced.

Finally he took me to the Y. M. C. A. and said good-night. The hut was dark, and filled with weary, muddy doughboys just down from the lines. Silently they sat, clustered about the stove, the red glow from its door lighting their tired faces. From the darkness beyond came the heavy breathing of those who slept. Too weary to celebrate, these.

"Just come down?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You won't have to go back, anyway."

"No?"

"The war's over," I said.

"Hell," came gently from the other side of the stove, and then, "Ah, hmm, excuse me, ma'am — but I can't hardly believe it, that we won't have to go back —"

"It may be," came from another one, and then again "It may be."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

I found a Y. M. C. A. girl, and a bed, and for the first time I did not arrange my clothes in a pile so that I could put them on in three minutes lest the Germans should come in the sky.

And all this was only a year ago!

MONKS, GRACE

Lady St. Helier House.

In 1916, I started a hostel for women munition workers to care for cases of industrial disease. We take cases suffering from Tri Nitro Toluol poisoning, mercury poisoning, and fatigue, also a few convalescent cases, women suffering from burns, septic fingers, or women who are recovering from operations. The chief object of our work, however, is preventive, we aim to take in women who have been working on poisonous substances before they break down, to build them up by a diet recommended by the doctors, to save them from what might have been a serious illness, and to send them back to work and the service of their country.

Through scientific research, doctors have discovered that milk, fruit, and fresh air are a good antidote to the poisonous substances so many women have been obliged to work in since the war. Lady St. Helier House was started to meet an industrial need. It is a friendly place, well known to munition workers in a large arsenal. It has come to have a character of its own. When I first started the hostel, someone asked me if I had ever run an institution before, and I said "No," and "I do not intend to run one now." Lady St. Helier House is an informal place and my one rule is that the girls must be in by six o'clock. Few of the patients are so ill they have to remain in bed, and I encourage the girls to go for bus rides or to sit in the garden. The hostel is a double brick house situated in a suburb of London. We can accommodate thirty patients and the hostel is usually full of women who work on twelve hour day and night shifts, and many of whom have not had a holiday for over a year.

The front windows overlook a large park, and at the back we have a nice garden so it is almost like being in the country. There are fruit trees in the garden, and we have cultivated a bit of ground where we grow cabbages, cauli-

flowers, radishes, and vegetable marrows of prodigious size. The bedrooms of the hostel are light and airy, and the girls have two sitting rooms, one called the noisy room, where they may make as much noise as they please, playing the piano and gramophone, and one called the quiet room, where the older women can sit and sew or do their reading and writing. The refectory where our meals are served is very nice. The white-washed walls are decorated by one lovely colored print. We sit at two long tables covered with white oilcloth, and have simple meals but wonderfully good for war times. For breakfasts, tea, bread, margarin, porridge and treacle, and on Sundays eggs. At eleven, each girl has a glass of milk. For dinner we have meat or fish, two vegetables, pudding and fruit, and for tea, tea, bread and jam or cheese. At nine, each girl has another glass of milk and the diet seems to agree with them remarkably well, and the girls say they don't get such good food anywhere else.

When I first started the hostel I consciously planted a seed of democracy. In the factory, I am told, the girls have class distinctions among themselves, but there is certainly a spirit of democracy at Lady St. Helier House. I often think as I sit at the head of the table pouring out thirty cups of tea, what a free and equal lot we are. We discuss all sorts of industrial questions, the war and above all we like to speculate on what is going to happen to industry after the war.

My office is a small room overlooking the garden. I have tacked up a series of excellent photographs of the Elgin Marbles along one side of an otherwise bare wall, they make a sort of frieze reproducing very well the dash and rhythm of the Elgin Marbles. In this tiny office where all the business of the hostel is carried on, the girls often come to talk to me and I have a great opportunity of learning how life is lived today amid the great pressure and strain of war.

NAPIER-MARTIN, MRS. GUY

Extract from a Letter

Creil, March 24, 1918.

The offensive has begun. The news from the front is not, of course, unexpected, but that makes it no less distressing. We had our first air-raid work last night. I was the night-driver on duty. The guns were just starting as I left here at 9, and I could hear the Boche engines directly overhead — it was a glorious, clear, moonlight night. Some bombs fell very near just as I got to the H. O. E. and the noise was deafening. I had just stopped my engine, preparatory to beating it for cover, when shrapnel whizzed past my head and there was a tremendous crash close beside. It had broken the heavy ground-glass arch of one of the H. O. E. windows and the pavement was covered with broken pieces. Then an ambulance call came and I tore off, taking one of the doctors along. There were soldiers wounded and killed. They filled my car with the worst cases, and meanwhile were sending to the château for more ambulances. By the time I had taken my first load to the hospital and got back, every one of our cars was there — I couldn't believe my eyes, it was so quick! A good many of the drivers had gone to bed and the cars' radiators had to be filled — and they were on the road about eight minutes after the order came! We took all the wounded and the dead, and then the others went home, leaving me and one other car on duty. Shortly after, more bombs fell and I got the new wounded, luckily only three cases — it was then about 1 A. M. A doctor went with me, and we had to drive about from house to house and street to street before we could find where the wounded were. We knew what the Huns were trying for, and that another bomb might land on us any minute. People were huddled in their doorways, and we kept calling out, "Où sont les blessés?" And they would direct us, often without know-

ing themselves. I didn't sleep at all, all night, knowing more calls might come in — walked about and sat in my car. I can tell you the things I saw last night made me feel murderous — such suffering all for nothing. One of the men had lost both eyes. Another was terribly injured in the chest — they said he was dying, and when they took him out I think he was dead. The hospital people were splendid — very quick and gentle with them. I shall not soon forget the scene there — the moonlight pouring down on the courtyard of the hospital — a slow procession of our cars creeping in, looking gray and ghostly in the moonlight — and in one corner a flood of light from the operating-room, where the doctors were already hard at work.

PARKMAN, EDITH W.

Extract from a Letter

Pontoise, Seine et Oise.

July 23, 1918.

I have rather lost the thread of this letter but this wonderful counter attack keeping on, the hectic life still continues. That first bout I described to you lasted 39 hours. I was not particularly tired mentally but it gets you in the feet. I literally couldn't stand up after it. Poor Helen has just completed her 30 hours and she is in the same state, in fact everybody one meets is evidently favoring her feet at this moment. I think it is the stone floors that do it. Two hundred and fifty came in yesterday, about the same number today, and 300 are expected tonight. In spite of being so far from the front we feel much more like an evacuation hospital than at Vasseny. So far the wounded have been evacuated, most of them at the end of 24 hours. Of course it doesn't make the work very interesting as one just does a hasty dressing to send them off again and hasn't time to get interested in either the wounds or the patients. You have never seen such a mixture of races and nationalities: Arabs,

Russians, French, Americans and Germans, even Italians, a company of whom replace our Annamites at Vasseny in doing stretcher work. Certainly anything in the way of languages is very useful. I had a chance to practice my few Russian words on a Russian who came into my ward today. At first when he was coming out of the anaesthetic he was a bit difficult as he kept thinking he was fighting the Boches. It took two of us to hold him down in his bed, he was thrashing around so. Now he is just as meek and sweet as a lamb. He was next to one of my American boys and in broken French was most enthusiastic about them, even when still under chloroform. "Americains! Bonne attaque!" he kept repeating. The Americans certainly seem to have added a new mode of fighting by their principle of never retreating. It seems to have been very effective but I imagine they have lost a good many men in the process. I went over to a ward where there were ten Americans this evening. It certainly is splendid to see them. My two leave tomorrow but I hope I shall get some more. One Frenchman told Helen that the "Americains couraient si vite" that the French couldn't keep up with them. But I must stop as it is 11.30 and I have to be on the job early tomorrow as all our wards will have filled up during the night. Today we have felt as if we were back on the front, as there was a German aeroplane overhead and all the anti-air-craft guns boomed away at it.

PARKMAN, PENELOPE

Extract from a Letter

ARRIVAL OF THE 26TH DIV.

St. Nazaire, France.

September, 1917.

After waiting so long and so hopefully, expecting the transports each day, they finally arrived this afternoon. At about four o'clock a fore-runner, a patrol boat of some sort, rounded the point flying signals and blowing its whistles and after it one by one six big gray boats, visibly loaded down even when

seen from a great distance. We ran down to the end of a long quay while the first one came in and really I thought I should die of excitement. It was the most wonderful sight in the world, this great boat simply overflowing with khaki. We were very near to them then but we decided we could get nearer by going down to the lock through which each one had to pass in order to dock. A naval officer up in a balcony of a house called to us to come up there, which we did and had the most perfect grandstand seats in the world. We certainly were near them. We felt as if we could almost touch the soldiers and actually were able to throw them cigarettes and lemon drops, for which they all scrambled, that is when there was room to scramble for they were packed in as tight as sardines. Each ship had a band and the first one came in playing the Marseillaise and the Star-Spangled Banner with the men cheering their heads off. Goodness, but they sounded glad to get here.

I simply can't describe to you the overwhelming excitement of it all. Of course the boats had to come in awfully slowly, one by one into the lock and each time we shouted ourselves hoarse and waved and waved. The first boat got in at about a quarter to five and the last one not until after nine so we were quite exhausted at the end. It had been a horrid, drizzly gray day, but it cleared up just in time with a wonderful sunset. You can imagine how lovely it was watching the big liners steam in, silhouetted against the sky, with the men hanging over the edge wherever it was or was not possible, cheering and singing. It was even more lovely after it grew dark and there was nothing but the light from the cabins and the searchlights.

The boats were all big though the harbor isn't big enough for the very largest, and they were most of them converted German liners, with the German names painted out on the sterns. It really must irritate the Germans a bit to see how all their ships are being used. While the transports were docking, a great bunch of German prisoners were marched by and I hope they took it all in and got an inkling of the spirit with which America is entering the war.

PORTER, HILDEGARDE

In Military Hospital No.1.

The American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1, in which I had the honor to serve, was housed in the great Lycée Pasteur at Neuilly, an enormous building just completed when the war broke out. At first the hospital was known as the American Ambulance. It was meant to hold five hundred beds. In my early days, there were about three hundred patients, almost all French. In June, 1918, when the Cantigny and Belleau Woods offensive began we knew that soon we should be swamped with work.

One morning, as I rounded the corner of Boulevard Inker-mann on my way to the hospital, I saw a long line of ambulances. Our own wounded had begun to come in.

I went into the Receiving Ward. It looked like a ploughed field, — so close were the rows of stretchers with their burdens of huddled khaki. In the main hospital every corridor had a double row of wounded lying on the floor on stretchers, waiting for extra beds to be put up. The number of beds rose in a day from five hundred to two thousand.

The first thing I noticed about our men was the color of their eyes, — they were so blue. The French eyes are brown or black or a less clear blue. And our men were so young, — mere boys. And so glad to be cared for by American women. "Gee," they said, "it's great to see a girl who can talk English!" The food we gave them was good, but it was hard to get. The kitchen force had been used to cooking for five hundred patients and suddenly there were fifteen hundred. Besides, many of the men had an arm immobilized or were obliged to lie flat on their backs. These had to be fed by hand. And, of course, we were short of nurses, — most of them were down with influenza. But then, we were always short of nurses when we needed them most.

There was a lull of several days during the second week

in July, — a lull at the hospital, not at the front. All night long on the seventeenth and eighteenth we heard the thunder of the guns and saw the distant glare. Then came our hardest work. The wounded from Soissons poured in by thousands, — four thousand in four days. Three thousand of these had to be reoperated. The courtyards and the corridors were packed with stretchers. Around the walls of the Receiving Ward was a long bench on which huddled the "walking wounded" — dead beat — asleep for the most part in grotesque attitudes. The four operating rooms contained fourteen tables, — all were working day and night in six hour shifts. Outside a double line of wounded lay waiting their turn, — some for eight hours. Whenever we came out they called to us for water. During this offensive I was allowed to work with the first night shift in the "4th Floor Operating Room" after I had finished my day in the wards. It was wonderful to see how quickly the surgeons extracted the shell fragments, aided by a glance at the X-ray report.

POTTER, ELIZABETH

Extract from a Letter

(A protest to one who wrote disparaging Canteening.)

Canteening low? — do you call it low to dash out at midnight to give coffee to fifteen hundred men, and handle the whole bunch because the officers are generally helpless and act as if they have never seen a coffee station before? So Elizabeth lifts up her voice: "I want double lines here, — double lines, do you hear me? Tha-a-t's the stuff. Now make it snappy, men, make it snappy; don't hang back. Here, is this what you call a line? Straighten up there, come on now, hold your cups low," et da capo, while all the fifteen hundred are tremendously tickled at having a girl ordering them about, and all call out "Here's a girl from God's own country. Hey, sister, what state are you

from?" If there isn't time for embarrassing explanations, sister is from any state in the Union, just to oblige.

Canteening amusing? Is it amusing to work ten hours on night shift, when it gets bitter cold, and the midnight permissionaire trains come in, and the canteen is jammed from wall to wall with poilus all shouting at once for coffee, and your back aches, and you are chilled to the bone from wading around on the newly washed floor, and your head spins from trying to make change in two languages and five currencies for twenty people at once.

Canteening not tear one's heart? I have been called out to an American hospital train to sign for the effects of a boy of nineteen who died from gassing while I was in the interpreter's office calling for an ambulance for him, and seen the pitiful blanketed figure put out on the platform in the warm sunlight, while the whole train was perfectly quiet, instead of putting up the usual uproar for cigarettes at the sight of my uniform and hanging out of the windows by their heels to shout at the "sure-enough American girl." Then, instead of retiring to cry, one dashes back to the canteen, puts on another record, pours more coffee, swallows one's tears, smiles the eternal canteen smile, and hands out the snappy back talk over the counter.

Canteening dull? Do you think it dull to hear all day long that the sound of your voice is balm and honey? Not in those words, precisely, to be sure, but in substance. They are never fresh, only rarely flirtatious, but so friendly, so glad to see one, so kind, so attractive, such smiling faces, so merry, and so good to each other. One's buddy must have his share of everything, or it is refused. They sleep coiled up together under a blanket barely sufficient for one. There is nothing they will not do to help when a hospital train comes in. I have had an engineer work for me half the morning, breaking up chocolate for the hospital trains, — a man of fifty who had been on his run all night and needed sleep, and when I offered doughnuts, (they will resort to any possible trick for seconds in doughnuts, but confronted by a question, they squirm, tell

the truth every time, and do not get them) he said with much emphasis, "No, ma'am, I was doing that for them boys, not for doughnuts," and refused them. But that is only one, not particularly brilliant, instance of what happens all day and every day. If one does any little thing for a man, weeks later he comes back, and tells you thank-you all over again, and is so appreciative and grateful.

PUTNAM, ELIZABETH

Extract from a Letter

Neuilly, May 30, 1918.

On Thursday I left a calm hospital, with nearly all the corridor beds empty. At half-past two today I found every bed full, the nurses' home turned into wards, two tent wards on the roof, even the ground floor corridor double lined with men on stretchers and a double line down to the operating-room. I went there, to work, and found four cases at once being done just as rapidly as possible, with two doctors, etherizer and nurse for each case — none of whose names I knew, but all of which had to go down on the operating-slip. My job is far the hardest I have done yet. I have to find out from the patient how long ago he was wounded — that means noticing every time one comes in and seizing on him before the etherizer gets him; then I put down his name, doctors' names, hour of beginning, how much ether given, hour of ending; and then catch the doctor at the one moment when he can give me his attention, after he has stopped operating and before he goes to wash up, in time to get the diagnosis and operating notes dictated and written on two slips and one slip pinned to the patient before the stretcher-bearers hustle him off. Every one is hurrying at top speed every second — except the operating surgeons; they are wonderful in the personal way they speak to each man before he is etherized, and in their patience and politeness to everyone.

It just makes you sick: these rows and rows of waiting boys

and the thought of all the acute pain that is being constantly distributed from the operating-room throughout the hospital. I have caught glimpses of all sorts of terrible things; but every one is so busy, including myself, that I don't get a chance to really see what is going on.

It is now seven in the evening, Saturday. I was on yesterday from half-past two to nine and this morning from eight to twelve and have just come on for the night. They will relieve me tomorrow if they can. Of course, if I can't stay awake I can go off and let the etherizers take the notes as they have heretofore.

Oh dear — it is too horrible! Today we have mainly Marines after the two days' glorious fight they have put up north of Chateau Thierry, and we get them only a few hours from the battlefield. The Americans are a great crowd; the finest stuff in the world.

All the boys are keen to get back and have another whack at the "Dutch." One doctor said today: "Well, the Dutch rather got you this time, didn't they, my boy?" The boy swelled with pride and said, "Yes; but, oh, doctor, you just ought to have seen the Dutch!"

PUTNAM, MARTHA

Extract from a Letter

Base 6, Bordeaux,
Jan. 2, 1919.

I want to write you about Christmas, partly for my own sake, to keep it in memory.

On Monday every one began decorating. Lt. Davis of the decorating committee had brought in great piles of greens to be distributed; we also had oblong lanterns over the electric lights, made by the carpenter and covered by the patients. Our ward looked like a forest, even the Balkan frames entwined with holly. The contribution of Miss Buckmaster, occupational aid, and myself was a "Merry Christmas"

printed in red, and a three-foot paper Santa Claus to hang on the little pine Christmas tree.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve the festivities began with the pageant inspired by that great man, Captain Marble, orthopedic surgeon. The pageant visited every ward and did its stunts in each. We in our ward scouted out to watch its progress and as it neared 31 we scuttled inside to receive it. We heard the merry music down the corridor. Then in poured the pageant. It was headed by Father Christmas kneeling grandly in a wheel chair turned back-side front and draped like a chariot, drawn by a real donkey. Behind him pressed a motley little throng, — the orchestra, variously robed; the quartet, the violinist, the "trained ducks," the dancing cooties, then a few people all dressed up for show. We were honored with a piece from the orchestra, then the quartet, then the cooties who rushed about after their dance to find a juicy patient, — the men adored it. The Doctor Marble, like a French cook, served it all to us, and we were left breathless and happy.

That evening there was a tree and an entertainment (of recitation and music) at the Red Cross hut, for the walking patients. The Red Cross did handsomely. Each man received a pair of socks full of delicious things; each nurse a nice bag, with a pretty handkerchief and goodies. I felt as much tickled as though there weren't thousands of other presents just like mine.

Christmas morning Isabel and I rose at five to sing Christmas carols in the corridors between various wards. Then breakfast at seven and on duty till church. Then I visited Thurk, sick in ward 16, then a large Christmas dinner. Worked till 4 in the wards, then spent the late afternoon in visiting my special pets in the other wards where I have worked as a nurse, and ending with two dentists who while I was there came in awfully shot up. They were all recovering and really glad to see me. After supper rushed over to the Red Cross hut to help Miss Delahanty, O. P. aid, make up the caste for "Spreading the News." The enlisted men liked it pretty well. So that was the end of Christmas day, and I tell you truly that

it was a happy Christmas for us and for many of the men.

Now I must send this off without telling you half of our doings which are really our jobs. The doctors give us new cases every day so the grass does not grow under us. We all take extra time off early or late according to our natures. I have 19 patients: 4 general massage cases, 9 stiff joints, 6 paralysis. Do you remember about the beditis case who wept when any one spoke to him? He is no longer so, but is walking about. We have each bought a bicycle and whenever possible we go for a little spin. A very healthy happy time we have.

READ, CHARLOTTE L.

The Hackett-Lowther Unit was a British Ambulance Section of 30 Volunteers with English girl drivers and 25 ambulances. The unit was offered to and accepted by the French government for Poste de Secours and front line work only. Attached to the unit were a French 1st Lt., Victor Chatenay, who transmitted orders from Army headquarters to Miss Loupie Lowther, the only woman to receive the commission of French 2nd Lt., a *maréchal des logis*, brigadier, two French mechanics, a chef and two orderlies.

The girls were under military discipline, rated as *poilus* and receiving the same rations, billets and 5 sous a day pay, increasing to 5 francs a day during poste work.

The Section after several months' base work was approved by General Petain and sent to the front attached to a division of the 3rd Army.

The section was cited with the Croix de Guerre, after the Compiegne retreat and later each driver received individual citations.

As a special honor, after the Armistice, the Section was attached to General Petain's staff and went to Metz and Wiesbaden with the Army of Occupation where it was demobilized Feb., 1919.

The women of this Section are the only women in France to receive the *Carnet Pécule*, a soldier's book of fighting money.

Extract from a Letter

S. S. Y. 3. Par B. C. M., Paris,
June, 1918.

At last, after months of waiting we got it. Word came, three days ago, we were to work at the *Poste de Secours* and B— and I were chosen to go up.

To think that we would be the first two women, she, English and I, American, in the history of France to go to the *Poste de Secours* at the French front, as ambulance drivers or nurses attached to a division of the third army, was too thrilling for words.

We drove our ambulances (Fords) up at 8 A. M. We were within a mile of the Germans with only a small hill between the French trenches and us. Our poste (P. S. 112) was at — (Longeuil Annel), on a cross road in the direction of — (Ribecourt), in a ramshackle farmhouse where the wounded were brought in by stretcher-bearers over the hill from the trenches, given first aid in the cellar, which served as a dressing station, and then put in our ambulances for us to rush back to a first line dressing station, where they were changed into other ambulances, to be sent still further back.

The poste, at our arrival, was under heavy fire, the Boche having discovered our battery and tanks in the woods back of us. It was the most continual and deafening noise you can imagine. We were too new and ignorant to be afraid. The boom and scream of the shells overhead didn't even make us realize that we could very easily be hit.

They kept it up all morning, and at about noon, while we were eating our usual mid-day meal of canned sardines, horse meat and French war bread, there was a terrific crash and the whole corner of the house went down. I always laughed at anyone who jumped, but these 220's nearly sent

me up to the ceiling and my tin hat crashed from my lap to the floor and scared us out of our wits. We did not lose any time in following the French and Englishmen to the dug-out. Several shots later our poste was in ruins.

After several hours, the shelling ceased and our poste was moved across the way. The Commandant gave strict orders that everyone was to remain concealed in the small holes made in the large pile of bricks in the brick yard that served as our new poste, as we were in plain view of the men in the Boche observation balloons.

Later, however, as all was calm, the Commandant gave us leave to go back near the battery to get some water. About three-quarters of a mile from the poste, suddenly, the Boche, who had seen us from the balloons and had more or less spotted our artillery, started shelling, and it was like "hell let loose."

I never knew that anyone could run as fast and steadily as we did. Our one idea was to get back to the poste and be with our cars. We must have looked funny for I remember, even in my terror, laughing at B—— dodging in every direction according to where the shells fell. I was doing the same thing myself.

I thought I should never cover that last quarter of a mile. The nearer we came to the poste the heavier the fall of shrapnel. It was nothing short of a miracle that we were missed. I went flat three times but save for a couple of scratches on my tin hat, I wasn't touched.

It was not until I was in the middle of nowhere, in full view of the balloons, that I realized they were shelling what I was running for — *The Red Cross Dressing Station*. In cold blood they aimed and one after the other hit its mark.

There were fifty yards of open space between where they were shelling and me. I hesitated for one second, took a deep breath and made one wild, desperate dash across that open space and slid on my stomach into our hole under the bricks just as a shell hit outside the entrance — missed by less than a second.

I felt like a hunted animal and my insides seemed to have

all gone dead, besides being so breathless, my lungs felt hollow. It seemed an eternity before I could get breath enough to stop gasping.

We crouched in the corner as shell after shell landed on top of the bricks and around the entrance to the hole and the dust nearly suffocated us. Had they been gas shells all would have been up. I had lost my gas mask when we started to run.

For one whole hour, that seemed forever, we huddled together in our rats' nest, a space of five by five and four and a half feet high, resigned to the fact we were never to see daylight again. Each shell we expected to be our last — the one to blow us to atoms.

The suspense was overwhelming. It was the most ghastly sensation waiting like that to die. Trapped in, with no way to escape and every shot hitting true. In what I thought were my last moments I fairly cursed the Germans and their code of warfare and myself for trusting them to respect a Red Cross flag.

The summary of my letter is, that I have been a witness to the Germans, seeing with the naked eye, deliberately and intentionally shelling a dressing station, full of wounded men and Red Cross workers with not another structure in sight — with full intentions of killing every one in it. Had the bricks not been piled several hundred deep their attempts would have been successful, for every shot, naturally, being only aimed from a mile's distance could hardly fail with our Red Cross flag as their target. I always thought there must be some mistake in the rumors of the German atrocities and gave them the benefit of the doubt. Now I have seen for myself and know that every word of them has been true and am thankful that we lived to tell the tale of this one of their contemptible and inhuman acts.

SALTONSTALL, ELEANOR

Citation:— Mademoiselle Saltonstall, Eleanor, Automobiliste américaine.

Auto-Chir 7:

"Automobiliste volontaire de nationalité américaine, d'une bravoure et d'une résolution à toute épreuve. A rendu de très grands services, notamment au cours des attaques allemandes sur les régions de Noyon et de Lassigny, du 25 au 30 Mars, 1918. Se rendant de jour et de nuit dans les villages battus par l'artillerie et menacés par l'ennemi, a pratiqué inlassablement une série d'évacuation, sauvant de nombreux enfants, vieillards et malades. A donné en ces journées le plus bel exemple d'ardent dévouement et de bienfaisante hardiesse."

Au Grand Quartier Général, le 28 novembre, 1918.

Le Maréchal de France
Commandant en Chef des Armées
Françaises de l'Est, Pétain.

I worked with Mrs. Daly's unit which was a volunteer group of American nurses attached to a French autochir. Autochir means automobile chirurgicale, a hospital which moves on wheels and follows the troops. It is the first hospital after the poste de secours and only receives the bad cases.

Mrs. Daly had conceived the idea of a front line unit and was already working with the French before we came into the war, but as soon as our Red Cross went to France she wanted to become a part of it, therefore she arranged that her group should be a Red Cross unit lent to the Service de Santé for the duration of the war. We were always proud and glad of this connection, because we were able to use the name of the American Red Cross, which everywhere acted as a charmed password, and because the American Red Cross never failed to give us material and supplies whenever we asked for them.

Of course, we were under French orders, we ate French rations and our movements depended entirely upon the hospital. It is interesting to note that we were the only unit of this kind working in the war zone because the French Red Cross nurses were jealous of foreigners monopolizing the front line work.

Extract from a Letter

Nov. 4, 1918.

The chauffeurs have been most tremendously busy these last two weeks on account of moving. My life seems to hinge around choked carbureters, broken springs, long hours on the road, food snatched when you can get it, and sleep. Nothing else has mattered to me and I feel like a regular camion driver, dirty, but so accustomed to the job that it is no longer tiring.

The fact is not absolutely proved and two French nurses may spoil my claim, but — without going too deeply into the fact of their being there, I can say that I am the first woman to have slept in St. Quentin after the departure of the Boches.

I was the first one of our crowd anyway and ate with the doctors for several days. A French nurse bunked with me for a short time who was most interesting; her home is Le Cateau and she was over two years with the Germans. She had a large farm, 25 horses and the corresponding amount of hens, pigs, etc. Of course she lost all her live stock at the very start, but she hoped to find her house standing. However, she walked over there the other day and everything was destroyed, even her cellar mined and all her trees cut — pretty discouraging.

The country over which I have been motoring is tremendously interesting; but most gloomy; unless there are soldiers about there is not a living thing, nothing but waste and destruction. If you saw a whole house you would stop and look at it as a phenomenon. One evening I tried to take a short cut home with a doctor and we got most hopelessly involved in bad roads which finally led us to an impassable bridge. We had to retrace our steps completely and start all over

again. The sensation was extraordinary, to be going over the lines not so very long ago the scene of the fighting, to go forever and ever and never seem to get out of it. The car was going badly and I thought surely we were stuck for the night, but luck was with us and we struck a good road getting us home at 9 o'clock. Never again will I be so foolish as to try short cuts home through "No Man's Land," even if it is French property now.

The weather has been warm and nice, so far — rainy and muddy, but nothing to complain about. We have got some pretty good houses, small rooms with open fire places, and plenty of wood to burn; therefore solid comfort. Unfortunately it appears that we are to move again almost immediately. A conservative estimate gives the last two weeks' record 1400 kilometers for my car alone — not bad, do you think?

SERGEANT, ELIZABETH S.

I went to France as correspondent for *The New Republic*, planning to stay only three months and to write largely articles which would interpret France and her needs and losses and plans for reconstruction to the American public. Paris was always my headquarters. My first months were spent in the family of some French literary friends of many years' standing whose fine old house looks out on the Seine and the Pont-Neuf. My first journeys (under French governmental auspices) were to the devastated regions of the Oise and Aisne and Somme, to "Alsace reconquise" and Verdun.

But by midwinter it was clear that "reconstruction" was again to be threatened by destruction, and that the American Army would play a very large part in stemming the German advance. So I stayed on to interpret as best I could to Americans at home, the American effort in France. I was enrolled in the Red Cross information section, and worked and traveled with Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. credentials as well as through the press section of the A. E. F. Many journeys, largely by

motor to different parts of the American area gave me an opportunity to see the A. E. F. in all its significant aspects — ports, warehouses, camps, railway centres, training schools, headquarters, etc. I went as far as divisional headquarters on two different sectors of the front. Just as my articles were being assembled and amplified into a book, about a month before the armistice, I was very severely wounded by the accidental exploding of a grenade on an old battlefield.

I was nursed first in a French Evacuation hospital, in a tent with twenty-three desperately wounded poilus. Then, during nearly seven months in the American Hospital in Paris. I learned to know the blessings conferred by the American Red Cross. I shall always have a stiff left ankle (though a reasonably useful one), but I do not regret sharing the soldiers' experience at first hand, and feel as I think all American women who went to France feel, that we who did share in it, in greater or less degree, are not martyrs and heroines but privileged people.

SHEPLEY, JULIA S.

Extracts from Diary

Camiers, May 31, 1917.

Very exciting seeing what the place looks like by daylight. A perfect sea of long tents everywhere — No. 11 being in the midst of several other hospitals — with a few portable houses for nurses' quarters, all spread out at the foot of some picturesque hills, near a squalid little one-horse village.

The English nurses all looked askance at us at breakfast this morning, especially at the four of us who had no uniforms yet, and one of them remarked that our nurses in their white uniforms and shoes looked more as if they were going off to a tennis match than to a hospital ward. The English V. A. D.'s look much nicer and less forbidding than the nurses.

Taking over from the British Unit is so complicated no one has time to think of dictating to secretaries yet, and an

orderly was sent over to our mess to say we needn't report for work until sent for, so A —— and I went for a walk toward the sea, through the huge hospital encampment and the soldiers' training camp, every one staring at us and thinking we were tourists I suppose, as we didn't meet a soul who wasn't in uniform, male or female of every variety. We did some staring, too. Lines of wonderful high sand dunes near the ocean, and a beach that stretches for miles in both directions.

Orders came at last for us to report at the Administration Building today, a hectic place, a long wooden hut with a narrow dark tunnel of a corridor running down the middle and British orderlies clumping about and colliding with everybody and each other, and any of our officers or men that we saw looking rather bewildered and trying to catch on to things. Our office is killing — a tiny place about eight feet square with two battered tables and chairs and a ridiculous little stove that sits out in the middle of the room at the end of a long stove-pipe, like a tethered puppy, and you have to step over it whenever you move about in the room.

Lt. H —— came in soon to say that Major C —— needed me on the ward and piloted me to one of the long tents nearby, but when I got to the entrance was so afraid I'd keel over at what I might see, after the nurses' lurid descriptions, that I actually had to be pushed in. I was trying so hard to look at nothing I didn't recognize Major C —— at all and he had to call me over to a bed where he and two British Colonels were examining a Tommy with a head wound and putting him through a physical examination. Never was so rattled in my life, having to take down a perfectly new vocabulary from one of the British officers who spoke with a most exaggerated accent and never drew breath for half an hour. I was terribly afraid I'd disgrace my Chief at this first try, but managed to make quite a showing on paper afterwards. Dressings seemed to be going on all around me, and the air was awful.

The English nurses are leaving in detachments and we'll breathe much more freely when we see the last of them, particularly the Matron who is too frigid for words. About twenty

of the V. A. D.'s are going to stay on, though, and most of them seem awfully nice. Their Matron, however, is very nervous at the thought of leaving them to be contaminated by "Yanks"!

STANTON, MRS. HORACE B.

The general impression I have of my nursing during the war is a constant race between such skill and knowledge as was acquired by experience and the constantly changing and increasing demands which the work imposed.

When I began at the Dominican Convent in Biarritz, in September, 1914, I was very far from being even an "aide infirmière." I went there with the firm intention and expectation of sweeping, washing dishes, making beds and helping the Sisters in any way possible, but with the conviction that if I saw a drop of blood I should faint!

After about a month, however, I was forced by circumstances to get bravely over this! A large train load of wounded arrived, and as in those first days of the war there were no sanitary trains the poor men came to us in the most pitiable condition after days in cattle cars, — oftentimes with hay and old cloths wrapped around their fearful wounds instead of dressings. There was more work than could be done by the Sisters so we all had to help and became nurses instantaneously.

The doctor called me into a room where a poor man was in an almost dying condition. "Will you hold this leg?" he asked, "but you must not drop it for if you do it will come off as it is only hanging by the skin." My heart sank, but I said yes and held it nearly half an hour until the dressing was done.

This was my "baptism of fire!" Though from then on nothing upset me. Indeed the cases we saw that first winter of war, the insufficient facilities for nursing and operating, and the terribly frequent deaths that resulted

in consequence, made such an impression that my memories of this period are the saddest I have.

When I came to Paris the next year, by reason of my experience in Biarritz, I was able to enter my second hospital as a full-fledged nurse. This Paris Hospital was much better than the first as far as doctors and operating were concerned but still left much to be desired, being in a poorly adapted building and insufficiently staffed with nurses. So that again I was called on to do work beyond anything that my Biarritz experience had fully prepared me for. When it closed, I was able to accept the charge of a ward in a very completely equipped little hospital. Here there was the new field of operating room work to explore.

After this came the most interesting and satisfactory part of my nursing. In Houlgate, where I went in April, 1918, we received nothing but fracture cases, that is fractures with wounds. We worked under a wonderful surgeon, Dr. Guillot. I had there a ward of forty-five beds, all the men so severely wounded that most of them had to undergo more than one operation — and what extraordinary operations they were! It seemed really that at last all was being done for these poor men that was possible.

And what would one not do for these admirably courageous men? When I look back on these five years of suffering and think of the touching gratitude of my patients for the little I could do for them, I in turn am filled with gratitude for the wonderful example they have set me.

STEVENS, CAROLINE

Dr. Maynard Ladd's hospital housed and cared for 500 evacuéés who were sent back by the French Government from their homes at the front to a place of safety. Most of these children were under 10 years, being the children who were too small to be able to keep the gas masks on as they worked in the fields with their mothers. In addition to the hospital for these 500 well children, there was

a 150-bed hospital for the sick children in the neighborhood of Toul. There were about six dispensaries dotted over a radius of 25 miles where minor ailments were treated, and from which the children needing hospital care or treatment were sent to the main hospital, and a small maternity hospital. All the doctors were Red Cross doctors. Most of the nurses and nurses' aids were also American though there were a few French as well as an Australian and a Belgian nurse.

THORNDIKE, ROSANNA D.

Teaching the American Blind in France

The first blind soldiers to return to America reached home in a pretty disconsolate condition. They had not been told anything of all there is left in life even after sight has been taken away, and it meant that they were utterly discouraged and disheartened, and that they had slipped so far into both mental and physical darkness, that it was very difficult to rouse them to any hope for their futures or any interest in things in the world about them. They were hard to teach and hard to live with.

Of course the first thing a wounded man thinks of is going home. It is the hardest problem that confronts him and it is the first thing he wants to do. Yet it was decided that even if their home-coming was retarded it would be eminently worth while to take a few weeks to help these men to learn a little of what others may teach them of how to be blind. So the school for the American blind was established at Base Hospital 8 (afterwards Base 69) in Savenay, Loire Inferieure, and though mistakes were made, the plan was that every blind man should be evacuated to the States by way of that hospital.

The school had been running about a month when I arrived. Miss Richardson, who had worked with me for the French blind at the Phare de France, was in charge. Assisting her was an American who had also come to

France to help the French blessés aux yeux. He was a blind man himself. I was put in charge of the work with Miss Richardson.

At the end of the eye ward the space formerly occupied by six beds had been given over to our men. Save for two officers and a few other cases from time to time, our pupils were all in this ward. The space allotted to us was used as a schoolroom, and was called "the dugout." It was the blind men who named it that. They said it was both bomb-proof and bum-proof. Typewriters, Braille machines, games, books, slates, etc., had come to us from varying sources so that our wants in that direction were well supplied. Rude wooden benches and some shelves were put up by some of the Corps men, and two tables and some chairs had been collected. The school was divided from the rest of the ward by a sheet at first, but later a flimsy wooden partition was put up for us.

The men did not come to us regularly for lessons. At one time we had over thirty men to be looked out for, and naturally we could not attend to them all at once, nor could the "dugout" comfortably hold that many people at a time. But they went in and out all morning, and every day each one who was in condition to study learned a little Braille, a bit of typewriting, worked on a basket, modelled a few minutes in clay—made a little progress in something; and we tried to keep up their interest so they would want always to learn more. Then there were walks in the afternoons, when we collected "pilots" from the wards about us, and went out towards the country in a long procession. In the evenings we all crowded into the "dugout" and there were sometimes feasts, and always games and reading aloud. And sandwiched in between all these things we did together, running along with them and through them, were long talks of the lives ahead of these men, of the homes they were going back to, of the school in Baltimore where they could be taught so much to make life worth while.

They were full, busy, even happy days in a way, in

spite of the suffering, the discouragement, the homesickness, the occasional lack of courage that just had to enter in. They were days I shall never forget, and when "our" men began to come home I think their whole bearing, their hopes and plans for the future showed that those days in Savenay had not been for nothing.

THORPE, ERICA

I went to France in September, 1917, to work for the Committee for the Protection of the Children of the Frontier whose work had been since the beginning of the war, to care for refugee children evacuated from the front-line region or sent back from the occupied territory as rapatriés. At that time the Committee had about thirty-five colonies where the children lived under the care of Sisters. It was to one of these at Presles, about thirty miles north of Paris, that I first went to teach various forms of handiwork, play games with the children and try to give them a bit of the home feeling which is necessarily hard to arrive at in an institution where rules must perforce be many and strict. It was a colony of boys ranging from three to thirteen years, refugees from practically every one of the departments of the frontier, several of them orphans, many with only one parent living. The fathers were fighting, the mothers working in factories, sick, kept back in the occupied regions "la-bas," or for one reason or another unable to meet the problem of finding a new home and the means of providing for an uprooted family.

I began the morning with the little ones in kindergarten songs, games and occupations. Then came older groups for drawing, modeling, raffia-work, etc., and finally in the late afternoon after "goûter," an hour for plain good time with singing, reading, meccano-construction, acting in cinema, and even impromptu dancing!

Once a week, also, I went out to a girls' colony at Grand-

lourg, where I started the same sort of work to be carried on by one of the Sisters.

With the approach of the spring offensive of 1918, air-raids became so numerous that we decided to evacuate the Presles colony to the south of France, where they would be once and for all secure from the threats of the enemy. So the eight Sisters and I moved the colony, bag and baggage, to the mountains of the Tarn where we settled in a former health resort, Lacanne-les Bains. "Les bains" themselves were in our basement, so we had the luxury of hot and cold showers for the children and a spring of delicious drinking water, which was supposed to cure all ills, having first earned its reputation by curing the horses of Caesar of some grievous malady in earlier days.

Groups of boys were sent us as the need for evacuating children from the Paris region grew and by summer we had 150, ranging from two and a half to sixteen years. That meant occupation for the older boys, so in addition to the regular school lessons carried on in the colony, we started carpentry, cobbling and gardening.

The grounds were so large that we had room for our own vegetable garden, a duck-pond, large play-ground whose boundaries merged into meadow and wood and four chalets, formerly offshoots of the main hotel building, which we turned into dispensary, infirmary, shops and guest houses.

At the end of the summer the colony was divided and the Sisters with the younger boys moved to warmer climes (for though in the South of France, we were not in one of its warmest or sunniest regions). I stayed on with the big boys and got hold of a lay personnel.

Winter was a great experience, not half so cold as we had expected, but with all the snow we wanted. To many of the boys it was their first experience of coasting and never did an American veteran on store-made double runner begin to enjoy it as they on their home-made, Alsatian style, high-seated sleds and very wobbly skis. So mad was the passion that it continued even after the

snow had melted, till a halt had to be called on mud slides for the sake of overworked "fonds de culotte."

During the following spring many of the boys were taken back by parents eager to return to the site of their former homes, whether any stone of these were left or not. But the numbers of the Colony remained about the same, as Lille children were sent down to us for recuperation from the effects of a four-years' German régime. It was wonderful to see how they responded to good food and outdoor life.

I left the Colony in July, getting to Paris for the Victory celebration on the 14th. From there I took a short tour of the devastated regions of the north, visiting some of my former boys who had gone back. That sight in Paris of the marching lines of poilus who had held and endured from the very beginning seemed to seal forever one's sense of the greatness of our debt to them, of our responsibility towards their children, and later in the north, the visual realization of the meaning of "devastation" showed one that our work for those children had been only a beginning in the solution of the problem of their future.

TOWNSEND, MARGARET

I left New York with the Y. M. C. A., January 31st, 1919. We sailed on the *Caronia*, landed in Liverpool, from there after a delay of eleven days on account of influenza we were shipped across to Brest on the *Aquitania*. From Brest I went to Paris where after the usual delay I was assigned to the Bordeaux area.

Pauillac embarkation camp was my first assignment. Nobody knows where Pauillac is, and that was the tragedy of the place. The boys were put on lighters at Base Ends, the large American docks, to go as they thought aboard transports, but instead of that they were taken down the river to Pauillac to wait sometimes as long as two or three months for a transport to take them home. They would sit on the

river bank and watch the boats go up and down, and get more and more homesick, thinking they had been entirely side-tracked and forgotten.

Though it was a very unpleasant place for the boys, it was a very interesting one for me. There were just two girls in a camp of ten thousand men. We certainly had our hands full trying to make life a little more interesting for them with dances, fudge parties, game tournaments and anything to relieve the tedium of the place. We were busy from morning till night every day, but it was all so exciting and interesting that there was no thought of being tired.

The tenth of May the camp closed down and no more troops were shipped through there. I was then transferred to Toulouse, where there were 1,500 American students attending a French university. Any man who had had some university training might apply to attend a French, American or English university. In most cases it was not a desire for learning but a desperate determination to get away from army routine at any cost. Nothing could be more tedious than army life after the incentive of war is removed.

At Toulouse the French people were most cordial to our boys. They took them into their homes, had parties for them and were extremely kind. A Franco-American club was organized and they had dances and played tennis. In fact they were so well treated that they kept reiterating "I wish the other boys in our regiment could be here; they would not have such a poor idea of the French people as they do now."

WEBSTER, FRANCES

Extract from a Letter

Beauvais, July 11, 1918.

The last time I really wrote you was when we were so busy with our 122 gassed. As they began to be evacuated and the work let up, Miss Christians and Miss Headley were sent to Field 12, so Miss Wilson and I had our hands

full again. The night of the 28th was fearful in regard to bombs. After a second attack I went upstairs to bed, but was no sooner in than Madame Jiller called me to say that a brancardier had come to say they wanted me at the hospital at once. I dressed and went out into the inky black deserted street. I will have to admit that I ran all the way there and kept my head more or less ducked as the shrapnel had only just stopped clattering on the street. I opened the door of the entrance room and by the dim light of one shaded lamp saw it crowded with stretchers and all around the edge wounded sitting up. They were all Americans. The bombs began dropping again outside and I began to go through the necessary admitting papers for them. Not one complained — I was so proud of them before the French clerks. They had come straight from the front, Cantigny, without any stop at a field hospital, with just their gory first-aid dressings on. It took from 12.30 to 7.30 A. M. to get them all done and that was working perfectly steadily. More kept filing in throughout the night.

The next day you can easily imagine that we were busy. Miss Wilson had, I think, twenty new gas cases whom she had not only to dress but to wash, besides her old ones, and I was running from one place to another interpreting, — of course had to work some in the gas ward. Only one boy died that day. That night eleven more came in from Field 12, all were very bad abdomen and chest cases. The gas boys were all evacuated during the next few days, but for a while we had more Americans than they did at the American Hospital. Finally there were about sixty-five wounded left, scattered through all the wards. Miss Wilson went on night duty in the ward with the worst ones. Jeff Clark took a whole week to die in the most awful pain. He was the nicest, bravest boy and we both could hardly bear it. All his last night he called Miss Wilson "Mother." She kept being called by orderlies from other wards for different patients and so was more than busy. I interpreted for different patients, doctors,

and nurses till I really didn't know whether I was speaking French or English. It was the greatest satisfaction, though, to be able to get them fixed up. Sometimes the smallest things which they wanted but couldn't explain seemed to make the boys perfectly contented.

Finally, by the 11th of June when the big rush of French wounded came, there were only five Americans left. That night Miss Headley and Miss Wilson went to the American Hospital. I'd been on during the day but everyone was so swamped with work that I stayed, and it wasn't until 5.30 A. M. that we got the last of the poor, half-dead men off their stretchers and into bed. We all three went back in the morning and washed them, etc. They had been 200 behind in the operating room the night before, so you can imagine the condition of many of them. All we'd been able to do the night before was to cut their clothes off and lift them into bed. There was one American and he was dying. Miss Headley stayed with him all afternoon and I went home to sleep. Miss Headley and Miss Wilson had to be on call again for the American Hospital during the night so at 8 I went on with Mac-Kenzie. He came from Lexington, and all through till morning when he wasn't delirious we talked about home. He died, after Miss Headley came on, at 7.30. I felt awfully as he was so nice and very pathetically homesick.

After these things died down, we had about a week with very little to do, when Miss B. and Miss H. and Miss W. were suddenly sent off to Paris and I was left very much alone, but luckily went right to work at No. 14 at the top of the hill, and was very much occupied, being day nurse for three boys, two Americans and one Frenchman. They told me all three were probably going to die, but thank goodness they didn't. After a week Miss Candish and I changed and I was on night duty there for five nights when, as they didn't need me any more, I took Mrs. Clarke's place on night duty at the American Hospital. There I am now and probably will be until August. I am very flourishing and happy and my only cross is that I

can never seem to rid myself of the smell of Dakin. I have to inject it every two hours all night, and get so saturated that I have to use cologne before going to bed in the morning. I have twelve boys and like them all, and as they all seem to be improving, the ward is more cheerful every day.

WILLIAMS, HILDA W.

When the Germans began their last offensive in March, 1918, the refugees from the Noyon, Montdidier sector, came pouring into Paris. The American Red Cross took over two school buildings to shelter the people, while they waited for trains to take them to the south of France. Mrs. Shurtleff offered to lend her workers to aid in trying to make these people more comfortable. The French Government and the American Red Cross gave the necessary supplies, and the first night that the canteens were open about 250 people were lodged in one of the schools. Many of the people had been driven from their homes in the former offensives, but before the war most of them had never been outside their own village. We had just finished arranging the mattresses and blankets on the floor of the canteen, when the refugees began to come in, — old and young, sick and miserable, carrying in their hands all that remained of their belongings. The things that they had saved were so pathetic; one woman carried a basket with one white hen in it; another pushed a baby carriage, that her son, now a soldier at the front, had used.

One woman had a little baby 11 days old in her arms. A few hours after they arrived the baby died, and the woman sat on the edge of a mattress sobbing all night long. One old woman, bent almost double, with red, watery eyes, sat by the stove groaning, — her two daughters had been taken by the Germans two years before and she had had no word from them since. One woman, 80 years old and having only one leg, had been in a home for the aged; when word came that

the Germans were approaching the Mayor of their village had told the inhabitants to flee at once, so her friend Julie, aged 70, found a wheel chair and putting her in it, had wheeled her 10 kilometers thro' the mud to the next town, where they succeeded in getting on to the last train for Paris. One little old lady was ushered in to the dormitory by one of the workers, and looking at the 250 men, women and children who were trying to make themselves comfortable on 75 small mattresses, she turned to the worker and kissed her on both cheeks and said, "This looks like the gates of Paradise to me."

During the week that the canteen was open, the Germans fired shells from the big gun into the city, and one night there was an air raid, so that even after reaching Paris the poor souls weren't free from horrors. At the end of a week, the Government decided to send the trains of refugees around Paris, so that the canteens were closed. It was one of the saddest sights that I have ever seen, but wonderful too, for it was another proof of the marvellous courage of the French people.

WRIGHT, MRS. C. F.

It was a bright crisp day in October when we entered the city of Nancy, after a journey from Paris, punctuated with stops and delays. Every mile of the way was interesting, and if it had taken us twice the time, we could not have been bored for a minute. The first part of the way led us across the battlefield of the Marne, then growing fertile again under the tireless ministrations of the women, old men and children. An officer in the carriage with us pointed out famous positions, held by the enemy or the Allies and made the landscape live for us. He was a veteran of that great first battle of the Marne. We bade him a reluctant farewell at Bar-le-Duc, where he was to take a motor for Verdun. Later in the day the train stops became longer and more frequent. Sometimes we halted to allow the passage of convoys of ammunition or food trucks — or going in the other direction — trains of wounded — all evidences of the enormous paraphernalia

of war. We felt as if we were standing just off the stage in the wings within sound of the great drama, but out of it. The scene which I remember most often is that of a company of infantry resting by the roadside at a crossing. As the train slowed down, an officer gave the command and the men pulled themselves together, fell into line, shouldered their kits and their guns and resumed their march toward the front. The sight of those ranks of dauntless laden men, in their faded horizon blue coats, and dusty boots marching toward the horrors which they knew all too well, brought the tears to our eyes.

At Nancy, after a drastic cross-questioning by police officials in the railway station, and the showing and viséing of papers we were permitted to enter the city. The place in front of the station gave evidence of a recent bombardment in two or three partly demolished buildings — we were glad our hotel was a half mile or so from there, for of course railway stations are always targets for attack. So guided by a minute porter who trundled our bags in a little hand car we made our way to the center of the town, the Place Stanislas — one of the most beautiful and famous Squares in France. Our hotel was in one of the old government buildings and faced on this square. The proprietor greeted us cordially and assigned us to rooms on the first floor (second by our way of counting), saying blandly, "We find it more agreeable to sleep as far from the sky as possible." Just as we reached our rooms a little chamber maid came flying down the corridor, tying on her apron, and evidently quite breathless in her anxiety to do the honors. She opened the windows, then closed them, unpacked our suit cases and hung up our coats, exclaiming, "But this is a pleasure indeed to have ladies once more. It is long since we have had any but officers here, and Americans, how magnificent. Will Mademoiselle have hot water," etc., etc. She deplored the lack of a restaurant, in the hotel, but told us that there was an excellent one just across the square. When I asked her when they had had their last air raid, she pondered, "Was it Thursday or Friday, I can't remember, but it is almost three months since our last bombardment."

Next morning when she brought me my chocolate and dry bread, she lingered wistfully and I asked her to stay and talk with me. Soon I had her history. Her parents lived in a little village about fifteen miles farther than Nancy from the trenches. I asked her how much of the population of Nancy remained and she told me about a third. After the first big bombardment, many who could, moved away. "Why don't you go to stay with your parents," I said. "It must be ghastly living in constant terror of bombs and long distance shells." "Well, Mademoiselle," she answered, "it is true that I am only a chamber maid in a hotel where few people come, but I think of my two brothers over there (waving her hand toward the north). They stick to their posts whatever happens, and I feel that I must stick to mine, humble though it is, and help to keep things going." We became great friends in the four days of our stay and when we left, she was radiantly happy in the possession of a simple silk blouse with a New York mark in it, of course, much more thrilling to her than any Paris creation.